PRIVATE EYE

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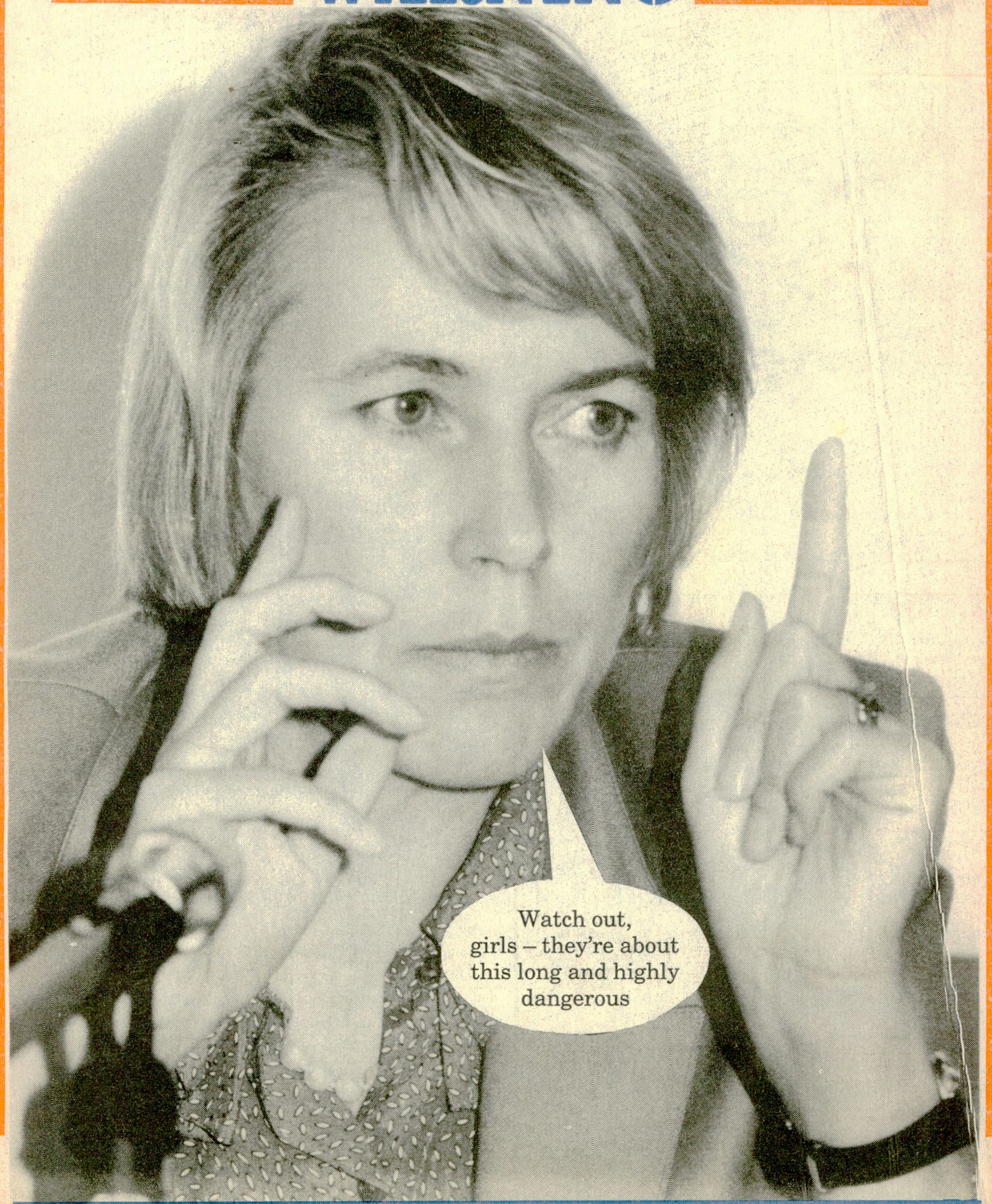
BOTTOMLEY'S HEALTH WARNING



A cure for the dry stone.

AN A[illegible]ENT PR[illegible]TICE among *dry stone 'wall~ies'* has been relayed to us. Apparently, on completion of a wall, a DRAM OF WHISKY was traditionally embedded in its centre.

Who this was meant to appease is open to question, but certainly ED and MARY PERRY of Dry Stane Dyking used to have unaccountable problems with their walls until they hit on the notion of inserting a dram of *their favourite The Macallan.* Since then the SHERRY OAK BLANDISHMENTS of The Malt have worked their magic.

What do they leave ~ *A WHOLE BOTTLE?*

'Just a wee nip,' says Mary. 'Or else we'd have the *whole neighbourhood* at the wall with *CROWBARS.*'

The Macallan. The Malt.

MAGRITTE

Golconde, 1953, Menil collection, Houston © Charly Herscovici/DACS, 1992

'A joy' *Time out*
'He invented things that, once seen, can never be forgotten' *The Guardian*

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Gnome

THE invasion of Mrs Bottomley's privacy by the *Independent* newspaper is one of the most disgusting acts ever witnessed in the history of journalism.

To claim that the story of Mrs Bottomley's teenage pregnancy is in some way relevant to her campaign against teenage pregnancy is utterly disgraceful.

We at this newspaper know perfectly well when an individual's privacy must take second place to the great imperative of the Public Interest. We have not hesitated to run stories about the Royal Family's marriages, Mr Paddy Ashdown's extra-marital affairs and the links between the Kremlin and Mr Kinnock. In fact, we have run hundreds of stories that may seem at first sight much less defensible than the one about Mrs Bottomley's pregnancy.

But we rightly turned it down flat. Such filth did not appear in the pages of this newspaper because there is one crucial difference between justifiable stories of the type we regularly print and reprehensible gutter droppings about Mrs Bottomley.

Mrs Bottomley is a Conservative Minister.

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COLOUR SECTION

WHEN the top people's pay review board first recommended a 30 per cent rise for hard-pressed workers like the lord chief justice, the prime minister was disposed to accept.

He was influenced by the deep fellowship and hero-worship he has for his cabinet secretary, Sir Robin Butler, who struggles to make ends meet on £100,000 a year and who, in Mr Major's view, plainly needed a rise which would bring him into line with what he could earn, say, chairing British Telecom.

The treasury did not agree and an interesting row broke out. Norman Lamont, a skilful and prodigious leaker, leaked to the *Daily Express* his strong desire to cut the increases. On the very same day, Major's office "let it be known" that the increases would stand.

The split appeared rather embarrassingly on the morning of 20 June. The *Express* led its front page with the headline LAMONT TO BLOCK BIG RISE. The *Star* followed suit, while the *Times*, also on its front page, disclosed that Major was going "to stand firm" in support of the increases.

In the next few days, Major seemed to be winning the argument, and most of the other papers fell into line with his view. But in the end Lamont and the treasury got their way. Is this the shape of things to come — over interest rates, for instance, which Major wants to cut but Lamont doesn't? Watch this space.

THE *Daily Mail* had no compunction about paying £17,000 to the Swiss anti-semite Francois Genoud for the "rights" to publish Goebbels's diary. After all, this is the paper which in the 1930s used to run such jolly headlines as HURRAH FOR THE BLACKSHIRTS!

Indeed, as Goebbels himself wrote in his diary on 3 March, 1945: "In general terms the *Daily Mail* entirely supports our viewpoint in its estimate of the Polish problem and accuses Churchill of mere monotonous repetition of the battlecry 'Beat the Huns' while England is slowly going to the dogs."

The *Sunday Times*, however, took a rather different attitude. Although happy to give £75,000 to David Irving, it came over all prim and proper when confronted with the question of paying a "copyright fee" to Genoud, the man who claims to control Goebbels's literary estate. Genoud is therefore bringing a lawsuit against Andrew Neill's rag.

And which lawyer is acting for this gruesome Swiss Nazi? Why, none other than our old chum Peter Carter-Fuck.

Carter-Fuck is making quite a speciality of representing Hitler groupies. Earlier this year he tried to sue the *Guardian* on behalf of Franjo Tudjman, the Jew-baiter who is now the president of Croatia (*Eye* 786). The *Grauniad*'s alleged offence was to quote passages from *The Confusion of Historical Truth*, a "revisionist" book about the Holocaust written by Tudjman.

Yet, oddly enough, Carter-Fuck is also the administrator of the libel fund set up by Sir James Goldsmith — who, as a Jew himself, is not well disposed towards anti-semites. Will Goldsmith now take his custom elsewhere? We shall see.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to Peter Walker — or Lord Walker, as he must now be called — on his appointment as chairman of Cornhill Insurance.

Sadly the potted biography issued by Walker's new company does not do justice to what it rightly describes as the peer's "distinguished" career.

It records that he "entered the insurance industry and started his own business in the City of London in his early twenties... built up a fast-expanding firm of Lloyd's brokers... created the first post-war unit trust, Unicorn Securities..." But it forgets an even more notable achievement: that he founded the well-known Slater Walker.

This is not the only omission. Recalling that he left the cabinet two years ago to concentrate on his business activities, the press release lists the companies whose boards he has since joined —British Gas, Tate & Lyle, etc etc.

There is no mention, however, of Maxwell Communication Corporation, of which Walker was briefly chairman-designate last year — nor of the pay-off, worth nearly £500,000, which he got from Cap'n Bob for only a few weeks' work.

CREDITORS in Britain of the bankrupt Bank of Credit and Commerce International have retained one William P. Clark as their spokesman to try to persuade the government of Abu Dhabi to stump up more than the $1.2 billion already promised.

The hiring of Clark is said to have been an attempt "to bring an authoritative figure into the fray".

The rise of William P. Clark is one of the great success stories of postwar California. His chief asset was an unswerving loyalty to Ronald Reagan in the latter's long ascent through the Republican party. Clark was appointed to the supreme court of California, an extraordinary feat for a man who had never completed his course at law school. He owned a ranch next door to Reagan's and cultivated a wild west image, wearing stetson hats and western boots. In politics, he was well to the right of his hero.

When Reagan became president in 1980, Clark was promptly promoted to some of the top offices in the land. When he was nominated as deputy secretary of state for foreign affairs, senators quizzing him were surprised to find that he could not name the head of government in South Africa or in Zimbabwe, and had "no idea" who was the leader of the British Labour Party. Despite this complete ignorance of foreign affairs, he became national security adviser in late 1981.

R.W. Johnson's book *Shootdown* traces Clark's crucial role in the Korean airliner scandal of 1985, in which Johnson argues that the airliner was sent deliberately over Russian airspace to allow satellites to photograph Russian radar devices. Six weeks after the airliner was shot down, Clark suddenly and mysteriously resigned.

He accepted, for a decent interval, a much more junior job at the ministry of the interior and then bowed out of public life. Johnson attributes his resignation to the fantastic bungling of the Korean airliner affair.

STREET OF SHAME

SIMON JENKINS insisted last weekend that his resignation as editor of *The Times* was no surprise. When he took the job in March 1990, he had told the Digger and his senior colleagues that he would probably stay for only two years. His relations with the Digger were entirely amicable, he added.

This raised a few eyebrows at Wapping. True, Jenkins had indeed said originally that he wouldn't be editor for more than a couple of years. But in March this year, when a colleague reminded him of the promise during a second-anniversary dinner at the Garrick Club, the editor replied that he was thoroughly enjoying his job and had no intention of leaving it in the near future.

Jenkins's claim that he and Murdoch are lovey-dovey has caused some amazement, too. For only last month at a meeting of News International editors in Aspen, Colorado, Murdoch delivered a scathing assessment of *The Times* under Jenkins's editorship. "Simon came back from Aspen in the foulest mood you've ever seen," one *Times* hack says. "He was *evil*, systematically going for everyone at conference. He was plainly not a man who'd enjoyed his trip to America."

Jenkins was hired to make *The Times* respectable after the collapse of its reputation during the yobbish reign of Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson. But it is clear that Murdoch has now abandoned this goal. Instead, having already turned the *Sunset Times* into a tabloid in all but size, he now intends the same fate for the Thunderer. That is why he was so keen to recruit Paul Dacre, Sir David Fester's heir-apparent at the *Mail*. Hence, too, the preponderance of downmarket candidates for the *Times* job. The current favourites are:

- John Bryant, the jogging freak who was hired as Jenkins's deputy six months ago. His main journalistic claim to fame is that he was Zola Budd's "minder" at the *Daily Mail*. He is a great friend and admirer of Jeffrey Archer.
- Roy Greenslade, who was Kelvin Mackenzie's right-hand man at the *Sun* for many years and later edited the *Daily Mirror*. He recently admitted that, while in charge of the *Mirror*, he deliberately "rigged" spot-the-ball competitions.

Both men are obviously well qualified to run *The Times*. Another name being mentioned is that of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, who certainly has all the oafishness and vulgarity Murdoch could wish for. However, the Digger is none too pleased with "Brillo Pad" at the moment. During the recent week-long gathering in Aspen, Neill neglected to tell his proprietor that he had bought up David Irving and the Goebbels diaries — a strange oversight in view of the *Sunday Times*'s unhappy record with Nazi diaries.

PS: Why has *The Times* been so quiet about David Irving and Goebbels? Could it be because Simon Jenkins banned all mention of the affair, fearing that the exodus of outraged readers from the *Sunset Times* might affect his own sales? Answer: Yes.

NO IMMEDIATE changes are expected at the *Daily Mail* under Paul Dacre's command — not least because the man he replaced, Sir David Fester, will be breathing down his neck. But some of the paper's more clapped-out hacks must wonder if they will still be there this time next year.

One such is Nigel Dempster, who has had a disastrous few months — incorrectly "revealing" that *Silence of the Lambs* would win no Oscars, incorrectly trying to rubbish the *Mail*'s own story about Andy and Fergie's marriage, and incorrectly claiming that King Hussein was about to divorce his wife. Dempster's column, which was once said by Lord Rothermere to be as exciting as an "old, cold, fried potato", is now an excruciating embarrassment. Will Dacre have the courage to put it out of its misery?

If so, perhaps Dumpster can seek solace from Philippa Leech, a strikingly attractive young secretary on the *Mail on Sunday*. To judge by a print-out of computer messages sent from Dumpster to Leech last year, which the *Eye* has acquired, he finds her *très sympathique*. "Please leave telephone nos so that I may call (night or day)," he once wrote before taking a few days off. "Will miss you." When she was about to go on holiday, he wrote: "God Speed, God Bless — you can always call collect, direct line is 938 6155 or secret no [*Anyone interested in this number, please apply in writing to Lord Gnome*]... may all your dreams come true..." Another message simply reads: "Big kiss, much love..."

However, Dempster may have to fight for her. In recent months the delightful Ms Leech has enjoyed the attentions of several other *Mail* hacks — and, even worse than Dumpster, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill.

IN SPITE of his public bravado, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill is a worried man. The much-publicised recent blockbusters on the Princess of Wales and Joseph Goebbels have *not* attracted more readers to his soaraway *Sunset Times*.

People who have cancelled their regular order for the paper can now expect to be bombarded with begging letters from Neill, to judge by a desperate missive sent to newsagents by the *Sunset Times*'s circulation manager two weeks ago. "Dear Newsagent," it whimpers. "The publication of extracts from the book *Diana: Her True Story* by Andrew Morton caused considerable debate. As a result, there have been isolated [*sic*] cases of readers cancelling their ordered copy. However small the number, we do not like to lose readers... and the revenue they create, via yourselves. I would be grateful if you would agree to deliver a letter from the *Sunday Times* editor, Mr Andrew Neil [*sic*], to any of your customers who have taken this action."

Any former *Sunset Times* readers who do not want to receive junk-mail from "Brillo Pad" should warn their newsagents forthwith.

ANGELA PALMER, newly arrived to edit *Elle* magazine, has shocked management by announcing that she is three months' pregnant. This bombshell came after she had replaced deputy editor Annabel Goldstaub with a middle-aged female sub from *The Observer Magazine*.

Elle's management is now in an impossible position. They resent Palmer's condition and would rather not have to grant her maternity leave at a time when the magazine is in the doldrums. But her sacking would be out of the question in the light of recent bad publicity incurred by National Magazine Company for its unenlightened policy on maternity leave.

No doubt Palmer will enjoy discussing her future with Martin Matthews, *Elle*'s publisher, who is known for his progressive attitude to women.

Elle staff members were shocked a couple of years ago by his wife's birthday cake for him. It showed a woman's torso in fancy icing, with the bottom half draped with a paper skirt. When lifted, this revealed a highly realistic depiction of the female genitalia in chocolate vermicelli.

THE RIVALRY between the *Daily Mail*'s Val Hennessy and her opposite number at the *Sindie*, Lynn Barber — otherwise known as the Feud of the Killer Bimbos — has sprung into life again.

A few months ago Barber threatened legal action when she was described as "the thinking man's Val Hennessy". Now Hennessy is furious over the similarities between her own interview with Sarah Miles, which appeared in the May issue of *Woman's Journal*, and the highly-paid Barbie-Doll's piece on the same subject in last weekend's *Sindie*.

Here, for instance, is part of Hennessy's first paragraph: "...When I told friends that I was to interview Miles, they pulled faces and squawked: 'Not Sarah Miles? Erk, you know what she drinks, don't you?' I sure do... On the other hand, if I thought that drinking urine would make me look as young, radiant and vivacious as Miles, and if I wasn't so hung-up, I'd be the first to copy her..."

Here, by contrast, is how Lynn Barber begins: "For a woman of 48 who drinks what she drinks, Sarah Miles looks extraordinarily good on it... I was so impressed that after I met her I resolved to drink what she drinks to see if it would do the same for me... I peed in a pot and decanted it into a glass but I just couldn't raise it to my lips."

Perhaps it's no bad thing that Barbie-Doll is soon to leave these shores and join New York's *Vanity Fair* magazine, which will pay her £70,000 for writing about 10 articles a year.

ONE OF Jonathan Holborow's first tasks at the helm of *The Mail on Sunday* will be to restore morale in the paper's sports department, where *MoS* deputy sports editor Malcolm Folley has been caught selling tickets for Wimbledon.

The former *Daily Express* hack, who has been covering the tennis tournament for the past 10 years, has been thrown out of the Tennis Association and banned from covering Wimbledon in future.

A SERIOUS question-mark hangs over the future of Britain's newest ethnic paper, the *Weekly Journal* (see last *Eye*), following the sudden demise of its rival, *Black Briton*.

The *Journal*, Britain's first ethnic broadsheet, needs to sell 20,000 copies to break even, but is currently only managing 12,000. This leaves wealthy black publisher Val McCalla — who owns the *Journal* and its stablemate the *Voice* — the chance to scotch rumours that he set up the broadsheet purely to drive out of business his rival and ex-employee Joe Harker.

Harker, *Black Briton*'s publisher, mortgaged his own home, his mother's home, and his father-in-law's home to raise capital for the paper, and now faces cardboard city and possible divorce proceedings. Will McCalla continue to pour money into the *Journal* now that it is no longer needed as a "spoiler" for *BB*?

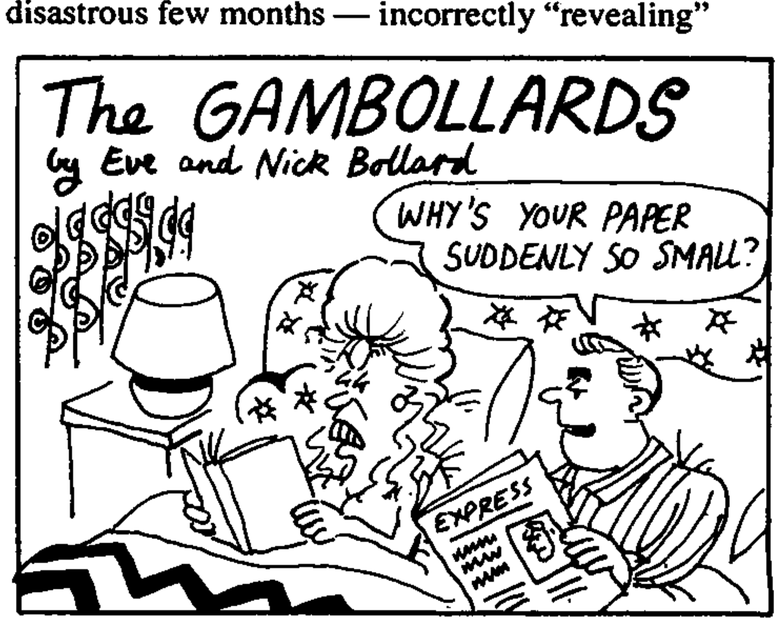
Few tears will be shed for Harker, whose management style was often Maxwellian in its excess. The first issue of *BB* almost didn't come out at all, owing to a computer crash on press day. The paper was saved by an advertising exec, who rallied the staff after Harker had fled home in tears. Her reward was swift — she was later summarily dismissed by Harker, who physically tried to stop her leaving the premises with her own personal contacts book. So violent was this incident that Knacker had to be called to escort the bruised and shaken ex-employee off the premises, Wapping-style.

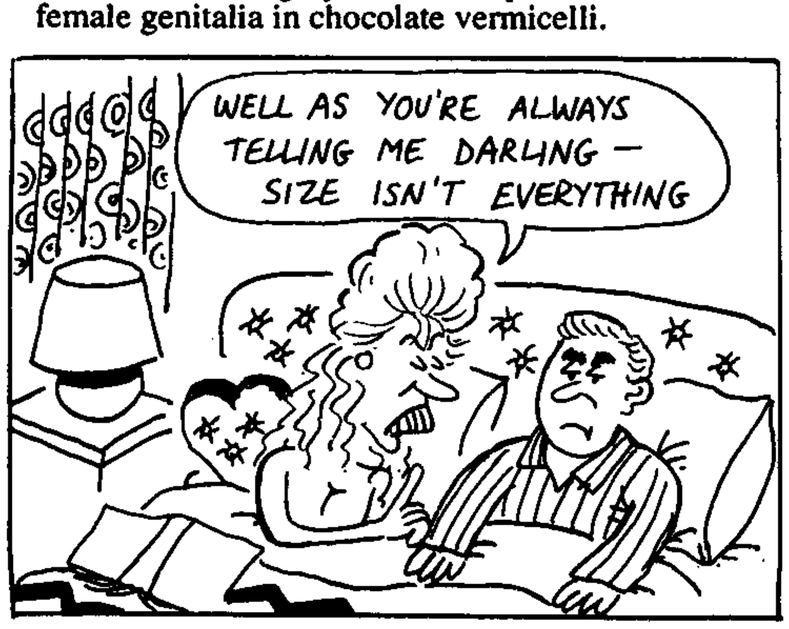
The strength of McCalla's feelings for Harker can be judged by the fact that he subsequently offered the woman financial backing to bring a private prosecution against him.

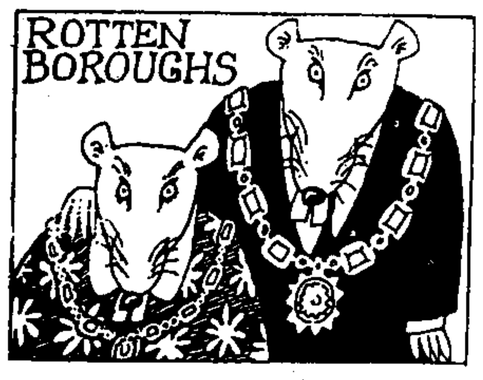
McCalla has his own problems now, however, largely occasioned by the "editor" of the *Voice*, Winsome "Gormless" Cornish. Gormless is incandescent with jealousy about the way the *Journal* (staff compliment: 3) continually scoops the *Vice* (staff compliment: 20+) to produce better stories.

Gormless's level of awareness can be gauged by the fact that she did not realise for *five* weeks that someone she had sacked from the *Vice* newsdesk had been immediately reemployed by the *Journal*.

Now that McCalla has discovered it is possible to bring out a newspaper with only three staff, he may start looking to reduce the *Voice*'s payroll, especially if it has to keep subsidising the loss-making *Journal*. For some reason, everyone seems to hope that any cuts will start at the top.







BENT

SUMMER madness has broken out in barmy Bent, north London, where the crackpot council's self-styled Madame Chairman, Nkechi Amalu-Johnson, aka Amazulu, has struck again.

Amazulu was elected as a Labour councillor, but harbouring a spiteful grudge she switched to the Tories last year, turning a wafer-thin Labour majority into an equally fragile Conservative lead. Ever since the ruling Tories have had to pander to her insatiable eccentricities, such as support for Idi Amin, to preserve power.

After lying low, Amazulu recently called a press conference where she would "reveal the secrets of the inside story of the Tory group and the underhand method of running Brent council," she claimed. "I can hold my silence no longer," she warned, ominously adding the rider "but my resignation will not in any event affect my status as Madame Chairman (*sic*) of Brent."

Intrigued, the nation's press gathered at Bent town hall to report the notorious councillor's departure and hear the municipal revelations of the decade. Alas, they were disappointed.

Once the hacks had assembled Amazulu handed out large brown envelopes stuffed with months-old Tory press releases and newspaper cuttings detailing her past town hall activities. She also refused to answer questions until everyone had adequately perused the contents, and then announced that she had changed her mind over resigning due to public pressure from devastated residents. "I urge the press to stop printing exaggerations and absolute lies about me. I am the best thing that has ever happened to Brent," she proclaimed to incredulous reporters. After coming round the hacks castigated her for wasting everyone's time with a cheap publicity stunt.

To complicate matters, three days later Amazulu and colleague Poline Nyaga *did* resign from the official ruling Tory group, announcing that they had formed the Independent Conservative Group.

Devotees of municipal life will recall that the group Amazulu and Nyaga set up when they left Labour for the Conservative benches a year ago was called Democratic Labour. Amazulu and Nyaga were also joined by a third Tory, Carol Shaw, who then returned to the official Tory fold a few days later claiming she was confused!

These bizarre antics are seriously threatening Bent Tories' attempt to make the council, the most debt-ridden in Britain, a flagship of profit-conscious municipal enterprise. If the Amazulu faction returns to Labour the Conservatives' majority would be instantaneously wiped out: for now Amazulu has pledged her support for leader Bob Blackman, but is warning the Tories that they are not doing enough for Brent's black population.

Meanwhile Amazulu has been joined by an unlikely ally — God, or at any rate Allah — whom she claims to have found, leading her to change her name, officially, to Aminah Nkechi, after an Islamic queen. In fact, her new monicker sounds suspiciously similar to Idi Amin's.

OLDHAM

LABOUR-RUN Oldham council is persisting in its pathetic attempts to sell public land held in trust to make way for a new shopping development.

Clayton playing fields, a popular patch on the outskirts of the windy Pennine town, have been held by the council since they were bequeathed to the public in 1962. A consortium of powerful retailers, InterCity developers, want to buy the land for £7 million, scrap the pitches and build a Marks and Spencer and Safeway supermarket along with the usual rag-bag of restaurants and precinct parlours. Pitches would be provided elsewhere.

The normally sharp intellects in the town hall are wondering whether they should honour the terms of the will and fight the proposals which, coincidentally, could take business away from the council's city centre concerns, or whether they should welcome the development as an opportunity to provide hundreds of jobs for Oldham's unemployed clog-dancers.

After originally rejecting the developers' proposals, Oldham council changed its mind when directors of local Premier League football team Oldham Athletic, acting as beneficiaries of the trust (as could any charge-payer), threatened to sue the council if it failed to maximise the playing fields' potential and sell them for a fat profit (which could eventually net Athletic £2 million if it sells an adjacent plot).

The council now wants to railroad through InterCity's proposals to keep Oldham Athletic at bay, despite much opposition from locals, and it has been trying to win approval from the high court. Unfortunately a number of hearings have ended in farce with the council unable to put together a case, despite having had three years to rehearse. Recently, council officials put their case for four days only to ask for an adjournment because they hadn't expected the judge to ask them any questions.

The council argues that it should be allowed to provide playing fields elsewhere and sell the land, thereby maximising the trust's assets. But the judge has ruled that the land cannot be sold since the deeds of the trust state that the land, and not the provision of playing fields, is the gift.

The council has now appealed. But why is it so desperate to proceed with a sale which has alienated many locals and could threaten other town hall interests? Grudgingly, Oldham has admitted that the terms of its contract with InterCity mean that a refusal to take the case to the highest level could allow InterCity (and interested retailers) to sue the council for £2 million if the deal doesn't go ahead.

Either way locals face a big legal bill before the future of the land is decided.

EDINBURGH

THE HERITAGE lobby, it seems, is losing the battle to protect Britain's grandest city, Edinburgh, from the ravages of its philistine councillors.

For much of the last two years the Scottish capital's Labour-controlled council has kept the gothic monument to Walter Scott on Princes Street under scaffolding on the flimsy pretext that it was being cleaned.

Heritage Scotland's insistence that the dirt was the only thing holding the monument together was brushed aside as Edinburgh council won a legal battle to clear the grime from Scotland's most boring famous novelist. Alas the bill came to about £2.1 million, even though few Edinburghers have been able to spot any improvement since the covers came off.

Meanwhile the council has hit upon a marvellously traditional way to ease traffic congestion on the panoramic, car-choked North Bridge. It has decided to cobble the road — just the job for car suspensions, cyclists and free-moving traffic. Ironically North Bridge is only 100 years old and so never had cobbles in the first place!

But at least Edinburgh has timed it perfectly: the work is being done this month and next when the city has more tourists than residents. This means maximum annoyance will be caused to as many people as possible.

BIRMINGHAM

LYNDA Longbottom, Birmingham city council's much-criticised public relations "supremo", has left the city only two years after her completely unnecessary appointment.

Ms Longbottom "resigned" and was escorted off the premises by council security officers after lengthy talks with chief executive Roger Taylor. The city's Labour leaders have paid dearly for their failed dreams of international media stardom.

Longbottom was dubbed "Atomic Lynda" after letting the gullible socialists believe she headed British Nuclear Fuels' publicity operation when in fact she was part of a smaller subsidiary in East Grinstead.

The dazzled — or perhaps irradiated — city bosses handed her a salary of more than £55,000, relocation expenses of £49,000 and an annual budget of £2.4 million to "promote Birmingham", some of which went to pay for her Rover Sterling car. Within months the dream went sour with a series of PR gaffes that turned the city into a laughing stock.

Longbottom soon found herself isolated by the exclusively male senior officers and aged socialists who run the city. Now she has been pushed out: but not before extracting a further £40,000 golden handshake for two years' work. That was the price of a tightly-drawn secrecy clause in her contract to stop her revealing the real source of some of those gaffes to the local press.

The city's Labour leader, Sir Richard Knowles, and Labour group secretary Albert Bore are particularly grateful for that clause. They think it's worth it. The city's taxpayers might think differently — but if they hope the publicity department's spend, spend, spend days are over, they should think again.

Councillors are splashing out a small fortune on a "careful and wide-ranging review of the council's public affairs function as a whole (*sic*)", and they want an "independent expert of national distinction" to carry out the task.

This time they've plumped for the world's greatest living Ulster-born journalist, Vincent Hanna, who does not come cheap. His consultancy company, the Viewpoint Group, will be paid around £1,500 a day for the mission impossible — to improve Birmingham's rock bottom reputation. It may well be cheaper to rehire Longbottom.

STOCKPORT

THE failed Stalinists and Sunday school-preaching Liberals who jointly control this quaint Cheshire market town are determined to pour further millions of other people's money down the plughole.

Last year they discovered that their £1 million loan to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International had become a gift when the bank collapsed; this year they've found that attempts to set up an industrial and provident society to help pay for Stockport's new and unnecessary £10 million swimming pool are illegal.

Despite clamouring for a piece of Manchester's Olympic action, Stockport is building a *non*-Olympic pool on a prime town centre site next to the station. Even if Manchester stages the Olympics, which it won't, swimming events would have to be held 75 miles away in Nottingham because Stockport councillors failed to do their homework on Olympic regulations.

To pay for this white elephant, they had drawn up a secret list of prestigious council properties which they hoped to sell on a buoyant property market. When the slump arrived the council thought of an ingenious alternative: they could by-pass local government investment laws and set-up an arm's length fund, Stockport Central Leisure, to attract private cash for the pool.

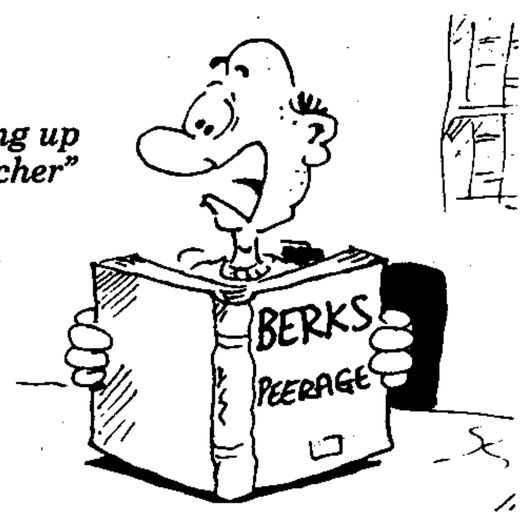
The district auditor has said that such action could be beyond the council's legal remit. So Stockport has gone back to its original sale-of-the-century idea. Unfortunately councillors have discovered that the recession hasn't gone away. The original £5.7 million worth of buildings has plummeted in value and the council is desperately trying to find more civic amenities to flog off. Why don't the councillors cut their losses and scrap the pool?

THERE IS a conspicuous absence of cabinet ministers among the revellers at this year's *Spectator* party, I note, presumably a result of the magazine's robust anti-Maastricht stance.

This year my award for the drunkest person at the party goes to one of the magazine's own staff, a self-confessed Geordie gentleman by the name of Geoff Dodds, who tells me that he is responsible for the *Spectator*'s advertising — "though not the smeggy bits", he adds helpfully.

As I leave, I am treated to the disgusting spectacle of Mr Dodds forcing his attentions upon the gorgeous, pouting Miss Katharine Utley. He is kneeling in front of her, pressing her against a wall in the garden, his head buried in the silken folds of her skirt. Both parties are emitting what are, in very different ways, cries for help.

My post-party award goes to gossip hackette Lady Henrietta Rous. In the early hours of the morning she is to be found at the Groucho Club rolling about on the ground with an Australian lawyer



"I'm looking up Jeffrey Archer"

GEORGE BUSH, for the time being president of the United States, seems keen to outdo Ronald Reagan in promoting totally unsuitable types to represent the US abroad.

The case of foreign affairs expert William P Clark and his shaky grasp of African politics is well documented (*See page 3*), but the story of William Fitzgerald, the new American ambassador to Dublin, is equally entertaining.

At 82 Fitzgerald is of course still a mere stripling, but unfortunately he became very confused when questioned by the US senate over his suitability for the post.

He seemed to think it was the unionists who were fighting the loyalists (or was it the other way round?) in Ireland. Happily Mr Fitzgerald, a Bush campaign financier, was allowed a few mistakes and the appointment was confirmed.

● *TO THE all-male Garrick Club where I find myself among 12 guests of one of its staunchest defenders Donald "Pixie" Trelford. It is a dinner lamenting the departure of Observer Magazine editor Angela Palmer.*

With his assistant editor Adrian Hamilton acting as sommelier, Donald is evidently enjoying himself. Late in the evening he becomes somewhat tired and emotional, pouring out his heart to medical columnist Dr John Collee.

"Is love infectious?" Pixie inquires sensitively. "Is there an antidote to love?"

Can "Pixie", an expert in "tangential relations" in the past, be in love again?

Pseuds Corner

Since we married last December and moved to Pimlico we've had lots of dinner parties. Our guests are always a whole mix of people: friends, business friends, family.

Although I am gregarious and love entertaining, I am not in any way a domesticated creature. I can't cook and it irritates me to have to spend time in the kitchen. Besides, when you have a big job, as I do, it's almost impossible to go home and start slaving. So while I love going to Berwick Street market and doing the shopping, I find I'm always exhausted afterwards and the thought of actually having to *cook* what I've bought is totally beyond me.

Now I've found this really sweet girl called Jane who does it all for me...

ROSA MONCKTON
The Times

My own group is typical in its eclecticism. We are affiliated to the international Fellowship of Isis and honour the great Goddess. We call Her, chiefly, by Her ancient British names — Danu, Rhiannon, Sulis, Brighid, Cerridwen, Morgan, Epona — but we deviate into other mythologies when it seems appropriate.

Our rituals, spaced around the Celtic Wheel of the Year with its eight festivals, combine Wiccan texts with material from Welsh bardic sources. We are concerned with antiquarianism and gender politics and like to let our hair down with a little shamanic (native American) chanting and drumming.

Tony Grist, a former vicar, is a poet and novelist.

Guardian

...I always go to enormous trouble with flowers. I say to my display manager at Tiffany's: "Andrew, I'm having a dinner party tonight", and he does them. He's a most talented boy...

ROSA MONCKTON
The Times

A word like 'rhotacismus' (the first word I asked the electronic OED to display — it took a couple of seconds only) you get an immediate elucidation, the word being rare and having only one citation — from myself, as it happens.

ANTHONY BURGESS
Observer

...Another wedding present was a frightfully formal hostess record book which has headings like "Food Given" and "Gown Worn". We've resisted using it so far, but now I think we will. After all, when you have as many dinner parties as we do, it's got to be useful to know what you fed people.

ROSA MONCKTON
The Times

Edna O'Brien ought to have her own stamp, her own flag. She is a country unto herself, a republic of letters. To interview her is to pay a state visit. In her suite at the Wyndham Hotel, she sits docked before the window, outlined in light. If Ireland is a woman, as O'Brien wrote in *Mother Ireland*, no Irish woman is more irish or woman than she. Her waist is cinched, her carriage Edwardian. Her breasts abound. "I could offer you some tea, some biscuits," she says in a voice that could quiet a crib. On a side table a display copy of her new novel, *Time and Tide* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) catches a ray of sun.

After our chat Norman Mailer will come fetch her for a guided tour of Brooklyn...

JAMES WOLCOTT
Vanity Fair

Dominic Lawson's hollandaise sauce
makes enough for two
2 eggs; 3½oz butter; 3tbsp white wine vinegar

Get rid of the egg whites and chop the butter into knobs. Reduce wine vinegar with cloves and pour it into the yolks on a bain marie. Whisk over simmering water while stirring in knobs of butter steadily. Now whisk vigorously, plonk it down and eat.

ROSA MONCKTON
(Mrs Dominic Lawson)
The Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Thelma Lambert, Philip Conford, John Lewis, Mark Reynolds.

£10 paid for entries

TO TORONTO for Canada Day to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the founding of a fine country. In the recent honours list I notice that my good friend Conrad Black has been made a privy counsellor by his chum Brian Mulrooney, the plodding prime minister.

To Canada's roughneck backwoodsmen, the term "PC" is used to denote a chap who is a Prize C***. Someone who feels that Conrad deserves this latter honour is no doubt his wife, the delectable Joanna Catherine Louise, formerly Shirley Gail. Conrad signed his divorce petition on 12 June, just eight days after the separation agreement was completed.

Strangely Conrad claims in the petition that he has been in residence in London since 1990. How can this be? I ask myself. Anyone with the kind of money Conrad carries in his back pocket would be bonkers to reside here as the taxman would surely pounce. I can only presume that the residence matter is a mistake of unimaginable proportions.

● *THESE are troubling times for Mark Thatcher. This month he will hear from the Swiss authorities whether or not his work permit (and hence his road to residency) has been be approved.*

Readers will recall how the Eye first revealed that Mark had applied to Switzerland and that his local tax problems had been resolved at the highest level. The Boy Mark has applied for a work permit and has rented a flat in Geneva, claiming that he was a consultant for a Portuguese bank with dodgy antecedents going back to the Salazar dictatorship.

The Swiss prefer that people who have work permits actually do work in their splendid country and this important criterion has not yet been fulfilled. Do not be surprised if Mark doesn't get his temporary permit extended after all.

NIGEL "Shagger" Coyne, the erstwhile senior clerk at 9 King's Bench Walk who is suing all 20 barristers at his former chambers for unfair dismissal, has, I am happy to report, found a new position as senior clerk at 3 King's Bench Walk.

Coyne was married to the sister of a junior clerk at 9 King's Bench Walk but became engrossed in Ugandan discussions with Rebecca Littlewood, a junior barrister in the chambers. This all became rather ugly, especially when Mrs Coyne and Ms Littlewood slugged it out in the street outside the latter's flat in Denmark Hill. I am also glad to report that not only has Coyne found a new perch at 3 King's Bench Walk, but he has taken the winsome Miss Littlewood with him.

What could explain this enlightened attitude to marital infidelity? Could it be that the head of 3 King's Bench Walk, Stuart Stevens, himself had an affair with a junior tenant some years ago?

Presumably "Shagger" Coyne will be able to avoid any conflict of interest when allocating work to Miss Littlewood and her fellow juniors.

I HEAR that Andrew Devonshire, the "Aluminium Duke", has fallen out with his latest charity, Medical Aid for the Palestinians.

After attending an MAP dinner to raise funds for child victims of the Israeli occupation, the Aluminium Duke has informed the organisers that they can no longer count on his support.

Notwithstanding the presence at the dinner of bigger wigs than he — William "citizen's charter" Waldegrave and foreign office minister Douglas Hogg, as well as the presence at the ducal table of several Jewish anti-Zionists — Devonshire was fatally offended by the tone of some of the speakers.

Evidently they were rather unsubtle in apportioning blame for the Palestinians' current misery.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

I'M AFRAID I must return to scandals in the City of Culture — but this time to complain about the behaviour not of local politicians but of its ultimate overlord, the Conservative Party, acting through its viceroy, Ian Lang, secretary of state for Scotland.

Glasgow, once the second city of the British empire, is not what it was, of course. Industry has all but disappeared and the dockyards of the mighty Clyde are largely silent. But Glasgow has made heroic efforts to pull itself out of decline and depression, and so deserves respect and encouragement.

It was in this context of renewed optimism that a campaign was launched by the Clyde Maritime Trust to establish a maritime heritage centre on the Clyde. The site chosen was the Govan Dry Docks, where lie three derelict docks built in 1869-98 — two 600ft long and one of 1,000ft — which would be ideal to house surviving Clyde-built ships. The trust, consisting of maritime engineers and businessmen as well as conservationists and other enthusiasts, produced a feasibility study for the "Clydebuilt" project which was launched with much fanfare last year.

Unfortunately the grade A listed Govan docks are currently owned by Clydedock Engineering, otherwise known as "Zentar", which is minded to sell the site to a property developer, Windex Ltd, who sought planning permission to cover it with more of the twee orange or pink brick yuppie houses which disfigure the once stone-built great city of Glasgow. There are, of course, many other derelict areas in the city suitable for such developments, while the Govan docks will have to be filled in — using millions of public money — before the site can be made suitable for building little houses.

So the Clyde Maritime Trust appealed against this plan. Now it has been announced that Historic Scotland (the Scottish equivalent of English Heritage) has found in favour of Messrs Windex. This is the first time Historic Scotland has given away a grade A listed site or building, and nobody has any doubt that the decision was taken at a high political level. Why?

The reasons given — that the trust overestimated the potential number of visitors and underestimated costs — are trivial, while the dismissal of the expertise of the trust's technical committee is insulting and mendacious.

Now, I often regard the "heritage industry" with suspicion; but museums can play a valuable part in urban regeneration — as with the Merseyside Maritime Museum in pathetic Liverpool. But although we must all be forward-looking, we should also all remember that in 1870 70 per cent of all iron vessels sailing on the high seas came from Glasgow and that even in 1914 18 per cent of world tonnage had been built on the Clyde. That is a source of legitimate pride. And, of course, the *Queen Mary* was the Clyde's swansong, before it all declined into industrial strife and inactivity.

Historical amnesia encourages barbarism, and to forget all this is to deny Britain's significance in world history. After the election, I had assumed that the Government was going to try to be nicer to Scotland; but no: placating private interests obviously still has priority. By deciding that the Govan docks should not be preserved creatively but covered in silly brick houses, Ian Lang has not just kicked Glasgow in the teeth he has insulted Great Britain and the union.

I HAVE had occasion more than once to complain about the alterations being made to what used to be called The British Museum (Natural History) in South Kensington, where galleries have been converted into whizzy hi-tec exhibition sets in the dubious cause of making the museum more popular.

Now, a report by the Victorian Society, called Unnatural History, confirms how irresponsible the trustees have been. Most shocking is the story of the treatment of the beautiful terracotta finishes, for which Alfred Waterhouse's remarkable grade I public building was celebrated.

In the Bird Gallery, the moulded decorative terracotta was "cleaned" in 1991 with the new "micro-particle restoration system". This involved "buffing" the surface with a jet of air containing aluminium oxide particles, and resulted in a general bleached appearance with the surface of the terracotta being pitted and damaged, and mouldings blunted.

It then emerged that English Heritage had not been consulted before using this problematic and potentially destructive cleaning process, so Lord Kennet asked a question in the House of Lords. Lord Astor replied on behalf of the office of arts and libraries that a "micro-particle restoration" method was being used in the museum following "successful results" in the Bird Gallery.

Not satisfied, Kennet tried again and asked whether the statutory advisers, English Heritage, had been consulted and whether they were satisfied with the methods used. So Baroness Blatch replied, for the department of the environment, that, although the cleaning method was chosen "after controlled tests and following professional advice" [whose?], "English Heritage have indicated that they would not want to see the technique repeated."

All that is clear is that the museum's trustees are as cavalier about the future of the fabric of this great Victorian building as they are about its scientific and scholarly functions.

'Piloti'

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY No 2010 25p
WINGS OF GLORY
Eurofighter Ace John "Johnny" Major was relaxing under a lazy English summer sky when suddenly...
Scramble!
The whole project's scrambled
THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS M. THATCH
Hun *not* coming in at one o'clock, sir. They've cancelled the meeting
Bloody Jerry! They're trying to shoot the fighter down
Don't worry! I'll soon get this crate off the ground. Chocks away!
Er... There aren't any chocks, Johnny. The suppliers have pulled out
Bale out, Johnny! Everyone else has! Don't be a hero! Ditch it!
No, I can save this bally kite and show Fritz who's boss
Oh no!
At Eurofighter Command...
Johnny's going it alone. We'd better expect heavy losses
About five billion quid and 40,000 jobs
God! Peace is Hell!
Later, in the bar...
Bad news, I'm afraid. Johnny's bought it... but no one else has
Yes. He's made a complete Ace of himself

TV

The Richard and Judy Show (ITV)

Eldorado (BBC1)

Fighting Back (BBC1)

IN THE DAYS when the BBC was protected by its charter and governments broadly supportive of public service TV, and ITV was kept relatively honest by the programming requirements imposed by the IBA, theoretical discussion of television took place on an irrelevant closed circuit.

Media correspondents might *fiddick** on in the broadsheets about trends and movements and internal policy rows, but the viewer could be reasonably sure that none of this would affect what appeared on screen.

So the alarming thing about the summer schedules is that the noises off can clearly be seen to be interfering with what we see. Vindicated but too late, the liberal guardians of television are left fiddicking while Rome burns.

For example, any doubts about the intended direction of ITV after the whores' auction of the last franchise round have been removed by the appearance of *The Richard and Judy Show*. Anyone led by the title's unfortunate echo of the Punch and Judy Show to expect two vulgar little puppets is not, in fact, far wrong, for the co-presenters are Richard Madeley and Judy Finnigan, here off-shooting from their tawdry weekday vehicle *This Morning*. As a "real life" married couple, Richard and Judy symbolise on behalf of the viewers Moral Normality.

It was no coincidence that their first guests were two married couples whose relationships had been subject to unusual strains. The first duo were Roy and Linda Cornes, he being the Brum Aids Fiend, now alleged by the tabloids to be the Brum Bugger Aids Fiend. The second set of victims were the parents of Julie Ward, who had failed that week to secure the conviction of the accused murderers of their daughter.

This is British TV's first peak-time tabloid chatshow in which the guests are not — as elsewhere in the genre — selling a book or a film, but are selling their pain or notoriety. In the chairs are not celebrity guests but non-celebrity victims. On a standard chat show, the celebrity guests control the agenda. On a tabloid chat show, the hosts and studio audience control the agenda.

For Roy and Linda, the agenda was Responsibility. For Mr and Mrs Ward, the agenda was Letting Things Rest. Thus the first interview involved a lot of references to .condoms and what

Roy had worn for his "deadly" (as Judy put it) encounters. This was fine, except that Judy prefaced every reference with a prophylactic platitude like "I hate to ask such personal questions", the sleaze-TV hostess's insincerity equivalent of the old headmaster's "This is hurting me more than it's hurting you". Come off it, Judy, why do you think we were watching?

The Wards, when their time came, got a lot of questions designed to find out whether they had ever argued over whether to pursue the quest for Julie's killers so fanatically. Eventually, the wife admitted that they had. Then — in the democratic arrangements between the co-hosts — it was time for Richard to ask the offensively dumb final question: "What would Julie say now if she could talk to you?"

The hard-hearted might argue that, if the bereaved are going to appear on TV (and Mr Ward has a book to push), they deserve what they get. But even in the zone of the shameless there is reason to think that you might be spared publicly imagining conversations with the corpse of your daughter.

If the agenda of *The Richard and Judy Show* is prurience, this stretches further than the main guests. The co-hosts have their own freak cred, Richard having been cleared of shop-lifting charges in a teary trial last year. Extra prurience points are provided by the fact that the Finnigan-Madeleys are one of the few husband-and-wife teams in TV, so that the viewer can quietly speculate about their own arguments and couplings. And why — in the first show's lighter item — was Cliff Richard there to talk about the state of British tennis? Because, as the tabloid viewer knows, he once nearly married great white hope Sue Barker.

But this is not the current schedule's only shit aimed to hit the fans of the tabloids. To the question of *Eldorado*, Square Eyes will return at length when it has belched out a few more episodes, but it can already be suggested that the advent of soap opera five days a week at 7pm on BBC1 (*EastEnders* alternating with *Eldorado*) may not be entirely helpful to the corporation when it needs to outline its unique role as a provider of quality television during the renegotiation of its charter.

Mr Mellor might also draw their attention to *Fighting Back* — in which Lynn Redgrave interviews celebrity victims (like Margaux Hemingway on her bulimia) and *999*, in which the otherwise respectable Michael Buerk introduces "real life-and-death" vignettes of the emergency services in action.

Are all these shows by any chance related?

'Square Eyes'

* **To fiddick:** *To write at defeatingly tedious length about the future of television.*

MEDIA NEWS

MICHAEL WINNER, one of cinema's most sensitive talents (cf *Vigilante Bloodbath III* and *Eat Lead, Motherfucker*), is growing increasingly thin-skinned in his old age.

Following the row over his Edgar Lustgarten-style intro to LWT's tacky true crime documentary about the murder of Oxford student Rachel McLean, several newspapers have received letters threatening violent retribution — high court writs, damages, astronomic costs and the like — as well as the attentions of the world's most vicious libel avenger, Peter Bronson-Fuck.

The papers, including the big circulation *Swindon Advertiser* and *Oxford Courier*, reported that Winner had called the programme "entertainment". In fact the self-proclaimed champion of the bereaved and friend of the police had said: "All crime programmes are entertainment, but I prefer to call this interesting."

This gross slur on Winner was too much, and John Fraser, of Scimitar Films, wrote to the newspapers concerned saying that if an apology and damages (to be paid to the Police Memorial Trust) were not immediately forthcoming, the papers would be visited by Carter-Fuck wielding his pump-action wallet.

The impoverished *Oxford Courier* caved in immediately, apologising and sending the police trust £250. Meanwhile, Rachel McLean's father, Malcolm, will no doubt be greatly reassured to know that Winner's reputation remains intact.

THE *Financial Times* has done it again: a story by Raymond Snoddy says of British Sky Broadcasting: "The company is now profitable although this has been achieved by writing off close to £1bn of excess costs in the two former rivals" (which merged to form the new company).

Of course the accounts can be read differently, as Christopher Bland, chairman of London Weekend Television, wrote in to the *FT* to argue. It needed, he said, "a new measure of profitability that excludes the disagreeable bits, like interest... Its interest burden was £3m a week. BSkyB appears certain to record another huge loss in the 52 weeks to June 30 1992, which will further increase its £1.5bn cumulative deficit."

Mr Bland has his own axe to grind, but the *FT*, which has what Snoddy calls "a significant stake" in Sky television, does not challenge his argument. To avoid further suspicions of a conflict of interests, the Monopolies Commission should investigate Pearson, owner of the *FT*, and see whether the cross-media status of the company is, in the words of the act setting up the commission, "against the public interest".

KATE ADIE has become the latest in a long line of "celebrities" willing to lend their names to promote the *Radio Times*. For an advert which will appear only in trade magazines such as *Campaign* and *Marketing Weekly*, Adie is to be paid a fee of £2,000.

In addition, she has now received a letter from *Radio Times*'s ad agency, Ogilvy & Mather, with the news that "in the future we hope to run the advertisements in the consumer press. We will then be able to negotiate a further fee with you."

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"FROST IS GOING AROUND SAYING HE'S TAKING A MASSIVE PAY CUT TO COME BACK TO THE BBC!"
"BUT HE WAS SACKED BY TV-am"
"SO HE WASN'T EARNING ANYTHING..."
Unemployed & 4 wigs to support
SO WE'RE GIVING HIM A £92,000 PAY RISE"
"Trebles & has-beens all round!"
Champagne
Ken Pyne

BONG!

HERE is the latest news from ITN:

***BONG!* Still no agreement with the new ITV franchises on next year's contract.**

***BONG!* 40 redundancies imminent, more on the way.**

***BONG!* Staff reject management pay offer, industrial action could be next.**

***BONG!* 100,000 square feet still empty at Gray's Inn Road.**

***BONG!* And how the *Daily Mail*'s editor's brother was put in charge of *News at Ten*.**

The next few weeks could decide the longterm future of ITN. With new ITV franchises like Carlton and breakfast contractor GMTV gearing up to start broadcasting on 1 January 1993, the security of ITN's future as the sole news provider for the ITV network looks increasingly wobbly.

Already managing director Bob Phillis and commercial manager Dick Emery are being told by the new ITV companies that the price they are putting on ITN's service for the coming year, £55 to £60 million, is far too high.

In a desperate bid to squeeze costs, the saturnine Phillis has made big cuts which have left the company's 750 staff demoralised, dejected and disgruntled. With the loss of the *Channel 4 Daily* contract, worth £12 million a year, as well as the contract to provide the news for ITV's teletext service, Phillis has told staff that nearly 40 fulltimers will have to go by the end of September, with redundancy payoffs slashed by more than 25 percent.

The latest cuts come when staff are still reeling from last year's 140 redundancies, and Phillis has refused to rule out yet another round of job losses next year. This was the first time management had publicly admitted that more cuts were on the cards. Some saw it as a cunning ploy to depress expectations ahead of this year's pay offer.

That pay offer amounted to a 3.5 percent rise spread over the next 18 months, equivalent to an annual rise of 2.3 percent. That comes on top of a pay freeze which has been in force since 1990, meaning that the few employees who are still working at ITN by 1994 will have seen inflation erode their pay packets by 20 percent. Staff unanimously voted to reject the offer and begin a ballot for industrial action if the offer were not improved substantially.

Meanwhile ITN is still losing money through its disastrous move to Sir Norman Foster's glass monolith in Gray's Inn Road last year. And all this comes at a time when ITN is trying to attract outside investors and beginning its revamp of *News at Ten*, due to be relaunched in October. The relaunch is aimed at critics within the ITV network who argue that the 25-year-old *NaT* has outlived its usefulness and should be moved from its prime time slot to allow lucrative soaps and blockbuster movies to be shown uninterrupted.

In charge of the revamp is the 35-year-old Nigel Dacre, recently promoted to head of programme output. Dacre, a Clive Anderson lookalike whose brother Paul edits the *Daily Mail*, has enjoyed an impressive rise through the ITN firmament, leapfrogging longstanding *News at Ten* supremo Nick Pollard. He has already put his stamp on the lunchtime and early evening news, relaunching both with an American feel that has raised eyebrows among the old guard at Gray's Inn Road. His chief innovation has been to introduce a plethora of talking heads and "livespots", a move which some critics say has more to do with saving money than news values.

Now *News at Ten* is to get the Dacre treatment: the programme is already showing more live interviews by reporters in the field, and Dacre has admitted that everything will be up for review in the relaunch — including the two-newscaster format and the sacred "bongs".

What worries employees are plans to scrap the *News at Ten* team and staff all three ITV programmes with the same hacks, paving the way for 15-hour days and even more job cuts. Already some are voting with their feet and accepting offers from GMTV and London News Network, the joint operation by Carlton and LWT. Both outfits are gearing up to provide news services that could rival ITN's, ready for 1995 when they can legally challenge ITN's right to be the sole ITV news provider.

At Gray's Inn Road many believe that the death knell — *BONG!* — has already sounded.

HACKWATCH No 26:

The Sunday Times Green Shoots Index

HOMO SAPIENS, as the Bible observes, "is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The same can be said of the *Sunday Times* Green Shoots Index. It was launched in a fit of post-election ecstasy on 26 April, under the headline: ECONOMIC RECOVERY BEGINS TO BLOSSOM. Each week, the paper explained, "we will note the economic news, and assign it Green Shoots points. A sighting of a blossom, such as a surge in gross national product, would merit five points, but a withering of the bud, such as a collapse in retail sales, would merit minus-five."

For all its self-important tone and fancy logo, the "index" was a statistical nonsense. In the first week, for example, it gave a handsome three points to a none-too-encouraging announcement from the IMF that "the UK is poised for recovery — but at 0.8 percent for 1992 will have the slowest growth of the G7 nations". On the minus side, a mere two points were deducted for the fact that company failures had risen by 31 percent in the first quarter of 1992, and that export growth was flat in the first quarter. By skilful figure-fiddling, the paper managed to reach a cheerful conclusion: "Green Shoots Index this week: +7."

Who was awarding these arbitrary scores? What criteria did they use? The *Sunday Times* never troubled to explain. Instead, whistling a happy tune, it tended and watered its beloved green shoots — little guessing that they would shortly turn into monstrous Triffids.

3 May: British Coal is closing Markham Main colliery, with a loss of 700 jobs, and Nuclear Electric is about to sack another 800 workers: minus two points. But these are more than cancelled out by the glad tidings that "economic optimism has jumped sharply, according to today's Mori survey for the *Sunday Times*". That's worth three points (even though, less than a month earlier, the paper had said that opinion polls were utterly untrustworthy). Other plus-points: the CBI says its members are "optimistic", house prices rose by 0.7 percent in April, and Harrods has put on sale "a shipwrecked cargo of oriental porcelain". The week's final tally is an upbeat +13.

10 May: Oh dear. It turns out that house prices actually fell by 1 percent in April. Two large retailing groups report "no significant upturn in consumer spending in the past three months". The OECD has revised its forecast for economic growth downwards. Never mind: last week "Charles Saatchi sold an abstract painting in New York for $1.65m, raising hopes of a recovery in this sector of the art market." The Green Shoots Index is up by another seven points.

17 May: Even the *Sunday Times*'s skill at discerning silver linings fails it this week. Unemployment has risen to 2,695,000. Sainsbury's and Marks & Spencer both report no sign of an upturn in consumer spending. "Green Shoots Index this week: -4."

24 May: More gloomy figures: GDP fell by a bigger-than-expected 0.6 percent in the first quarter, and long-term unemployment reached its highest level since October 1988. But this time the *Sunset Times* is equal to the challenge. More important, it believes, is another claim by the CBI that its members are optimistic. "Green Shoots Index this week: +4."

31 May: Canary Wharf has become the biggest business failure of all time. Another property firm, Mountleigh, has gone into receivership with debts of £400m. Mortgage demand has fallen by 20 percent since March. Unable to find any sales of modern art or shipwrecked porcelain to right the balance, the paper grimly admits that the index is five points down.

7 June: House prices fell again last month, *and* the government has predicted a 2 percent fall in manufacturing investment this year. But who cares? Norman Lamont's announcement that there will probably be 65,000 house repossessions this year earns one plus-point [*sic*] on the index — as does a claim by the Tea Council that "Britons drank an extra 250m cups last year". Total this week: +1.

14 June: UK car output is 2.1 percent down on a year ago: minus one point. However, this is cancelled out by the important news that hirings of morning suits at Moss Bros's Regent St and Covent Garden branches are 40 percent up on last year. Sir Anthony Pilkington, the glass manufacturer, says trading conditions are the worst he can remember; but the index is more impressed by yet another claim from the CBI that its members are optimistic. Total for the week: level.

21 June: The CBI reports (yes, again) that its members are optimistic: plus one point. Unemployment rose by 21,300 last month: plus [*sic*] another point. "Green Shoots Index this week: +2."

28 June: Shock news. "Britain's recovery, which was thought to have flickered into life in the immediate aftermath of the election, is in danger of petering out entirely, according to the *Sunday Times* Green Shoots Index... The index suggests that the economy is still moving ahead, but at a snail's pace." Total this week: -2.

5 July: A small paragraph, buried on the back page, announces that "recently there have been as many brown as green shoots, with few signs of sustained growth. We are therefore suspending the index until new signs of growth appear." Just over two months after the fanfare of its launch (ECONOMIC RECOVERY BEGINS TO BLOSSOM — no ifs or buts then), the Green Shoots Index is no more. It fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

THE exciting *Telegraph* share sale was, most analysts agree, a big flop. From an opening offer price of 325 pence, the shares soon dipped to a disappointing 292p.

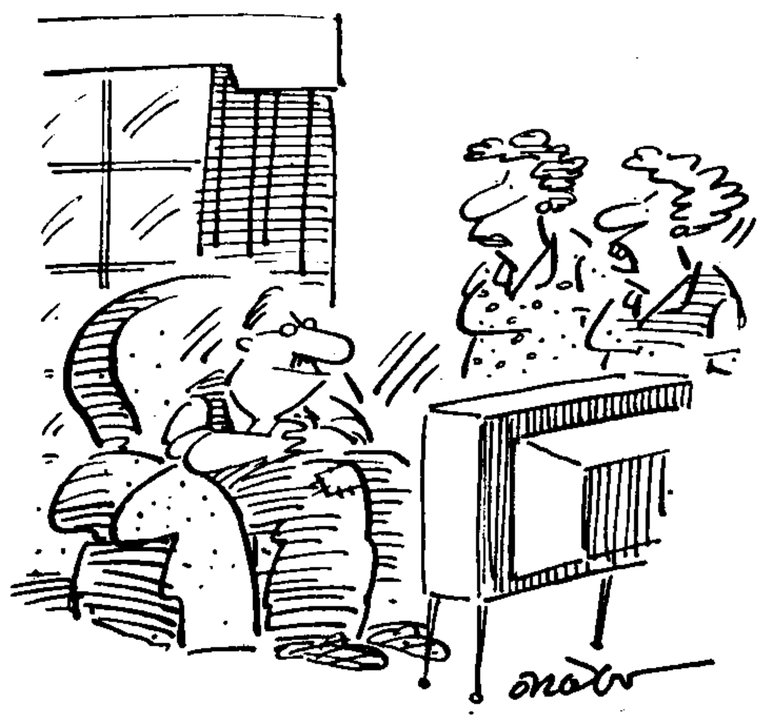
Morgan Stanley, most courageously for a bank that deals with the *Telegraph* parent company, Hollinger, even refused to sell the shares because it felt they were priced too high. So what can the Canadian Conrad Blackadder and his Hollinger outfit do now?

In Toronto, where Hollinger has a listing and until recently its head office, the company enjoys the somewhat relaxed regulatory environment. It was in such an atmosphere that Hollinger put out a press release on 2 June saying that from June of this year until next June it might buy up to 2,500,000 of its own common shares on the market at market prices, representing approximately 4.5 percent of its common stock.

"Hollinger believes that, from time to time, the market price of its common shares does not fully reflect the value of its business and its future business prospects." The release went on to say that Hollinger believed its shares represented "an attractive investment".

Well, Hollinger would say that, wouldn't it? But it seems others do not share the same view, and in some circles the whole concept of buying one's own shares while guaranteeing price stability is seen as a share support operation which creates a false market.

Hollinger, with its accident prone board, would of course never do such a thing. While it is perfectly legal for a company to buy its own shares in Canada, it is illegal here.



"There's nothing Eric likes better on a balmy summer evening than putting on an old pair of trousers and a pullover and watching the gardening programme"

IT'S EASY to explain the intensity of the row that has broken out in both parliamentary parties — especially in the Labour Party — about the composition of the new Commons select committees.

The novelty of TV in the debating chamber is wearing off and the populace is heartily sick of the bear garden scenes at question time. Much more edifying, entertaining and educative are the select committee hearings where the politicians are joined by real people from the outside world.

The question and answer format gives an illusory appearance of genuine cut and thrust. The BBC producers inside the Commons have shown an increasing interest in the committees, and a new programme, *Scrutiny*, is broadcast late at night to discuss their affairs. The chairmen of the committees have become television stars, and suddenly everyone wants the big jobs there.

The appointment of the Labour chairmen gave Kinocchio his last chance of patronage. He was very susceptible to the pleading of his old chum in the Tribune group, and fellow campaigner for Michael Foot for leader in 1980, Stan Orme. Orme was prepared to step down as chairman of the parliamentary party (he didn't have much choice; backbenchers were preparing a plot against the old bore anyway), but desperately wanted a plum committee chairmanship to round off his long and undistinguished parliamentary career.

Kinnock swore he'd see his old pal right and squared the faithful chief whip, Derek Foster, accordingly. There was, however, a problem. There wasn't a spare committee for a Labour veteran to chair. Gerald Kaufman had already swiped the one vacancy: the new and ridiculous heritage committee. All the other committees chaired by Labour were already blessed with a sitting chairman, not one of whom was prepared to give up their precious seats to please an old campaigning chum of a soon-to-be-replaced leader.

So a deal was set up with the obliging Tory whips, who are happy to patronise Labour over the membership of committees. The Tories agreed to give up their chairmanship of the trade and industry committee. This was relatively easy since the chairman used to be Kenneth Warren, the meticulous former MP for Rye, who chaired the supergun inquiries with such an alert eye for anything embarrassing. Warren has retired from Parliament (mysteriously without the knighthood the *Eye* predicted: we may yet be proved right, however). Tory chief whip Richard Ryder agreed at once that Labour could have the chair of that committee, and so Stan Orme was safe.

The Tories, however, wanted something in return: they wanted for one of their loyal backbenchers a committee which Labour used to chair. Anxiously, the whips cast their eyes down the list until they came on the little-known name of David Marshall, an unassuming Labour MP for a Glasgow constituency, who never said boo to a goose.

In a quick movement of the dagger to the back, Marshall was removed. Everyone expected the deed hardly to be noticed. But when the news got out about the backroom deal with the Tory whips, all hell broke loose. Marshall himself showed a surprising ability to fume and rage. At the shadow cabinet, his Scottish colleagues John Smith and Gordon Brown joined up to lambast the leadership. They were joined by Barry Sheerman, Michael Martin and Robin Cook. At the parliamentary Labour meeting the whips came in for a fearful drubbing. The old ham Andrew Faulds delivered himself of a speech which, if it had been made outside Parliament, would have been subject to the obscene publications act.

For a moment it looked as though the deal might come unstuck. But as always, when the leader made a plea the backbenchers went soft. Marshall was delivered up as a sacrifice, and an uneasy peace resumed — at least until the next time the whips have a favour or two to bestow.

THE COMMONS select committee on energy, which as the *Eye* reported was far too successful for its own good, has finally been abolished after a procedural wrangle.

Even though nearly 90 MPs had signed a motion calling for the committee to continue, after "consultations through the usual channels" the Government avoided a vote on the issue.

In the words of Alex Salmond, of the Scottish National Party, it "did not have the guts to allow the matter to be decided by a free vote", even though the issue was about the right of backbenchers to scrutinise government.

Salmond received little help from Labour. The opposition accepted the Government's argument that as the energy department had been submerged in Michael Heseltine's trade and industry department, the select committee for the DTI (which is overburdened with nasty happenings to scrutinise) could also handle coal privatisation, nuclear and offshore oil safety and electricity privatisation on the side.

Frank Dobson, Labour's energy spokesman, tabled a motion half-yielding to the Government's point and calling for a sub-committee on energy. This was opposed by Tories who wanted a full select committee and by those who wanted nothing, and it went down. Dobson himself missed the vote.

Nice Mr Major's era of open government has thus started by destroying a select committee that opened up more cans of lively worms than the Government ever wanted.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

SELF-SATISFIED subsidy minister John Gummer is urging consumers and taxpayers to dance in the streets over his "reforms" to the common agricultural policy (CAP). Yet his so-called triumph looks increasingly like an invention of the Red Queen.

At the heart of the reforms is the already discredited set-aside scheme, which provides barley barons with state handouts for not growing anything. As Old Muck has reported, the European court of auditors worked out that it would actually be cheaper to grow the unwanted grain, then chuck it away in disused coal pits.

But fearing a rash of uncomplimentary TV images, Gummer and his cronies at the National Fiddlers' Union have decided instead on the new enlarged version of the barmy set-aside idea. And around the country the grain tycoons are chortling all the way to the offshore bank.

They'll be picking up £90 an acre from taxpayers in return for leaving their scraggiest acres for the weeds. At the same time they can sack one of the tractor drivers and pour ever more pesticides on to the rest of their land, thus further boosting their profits.

To reward them for this sacrificial belt-tightening on behalf of the nation they'll be given a further public handout of £83 an acre. Even the over-subsidised dairy farmers are getting in on the act. By calling the maize they grow for their cows an "arable" crop, they too can pocket the loot.

Meanwhile Gummer's Whitehall Place minions are busy recruiting an army of special constables to police the scheme. Every set-aside field in the land will have to be kept under 24-hour surveillance to make sure it is not grazed by the CAP-subsidised Euro-sheep. Even so, Naples racketeers are already licking their lips and planning new villas on the anticipated rich pickings to come.

Never one to hide his light under a bushel, Gummer hails the reform package as a major step forward for British consumers and taxpayers. If we swallow that we're as daft as he clearly thinks we are.

WHILE the farm minister says he wishes his opposite numbers in other EC states were responsible for food safety as he is, his own habit of putting farming interests before those of consumers suggests the rest of Europe may be better off as they are.

With mad cow disease infecting thousands of cattle every year one would expect the ministry to do all in its power to protect the public from risk. Yet MAFF mandarins seem more concerned to protect animals than people. Word has reached the steading that regulations currently being enacted to combat the disease preclude the feeding of milk from infected cows to other livestock. Yet this protection is not to be extended to human beings who drink the stuff. It's obvious whose side the farm minister is on.

AS BIG landowners, the Cambridge colleges might be expected to show some enlightenment in the way they run their estates. But all too often they've preferred to play the planning game for their own pecuniary interest.

Corpus Christi has attracted a lot of favourable publicity for planting 10,000 trees along the A603 up to the M11 junction, no doubt with the aid of substantial public subsidies. Of course it may have been an act of pure altruism — but cynical Old Muck can't escape the nagging feeling that it may have had more to do with the long-term planning prospects for the land thus shielded from the public gaze.

O·B·N·K

In these turbulent days of "the breaking of the nations", the clarion voice of democratic liberty as enshrined in President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address makes for ever-increasing compulsive listening... To narrate these memorable words there is no more inspirational voice than yours, Madam. Would you give this proposal your most sympathetic consideration?

Letter by conductor WYN MORRIS to Mrs Thatcher, quoted in EMI publicity

Once described, unfairly, as dowdy, she [Norma Major] is photographed here as we have never seen her before, looking stunning in a sexy, slinky fuchsia pink evening dress, by Marc Bohan at Norman Hartnell.

She has the slender measurements of a model, but is adamant that she does not want to be presented as one.

SCARTH FLETT
Sunday Express

Submitted by Sandy Matheson, Anne Marie Goldring.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

THE SECRET OF ORGANIC FARMING IS TO ENCOURAGE THE PESTS NATURAL PREDITORS. HERE IVE AN INFESTATION ON MY CARROTS AND I'M INTRODUCING THESE LITTLE CATERPILLAS TO CLEAR IT UP
BUT WHEN THE CATERPILLAS HAVE EATEN THE PESTS WONT THEY START EATING YOUR CABBAGE ?
THAT ISN'T A PROBLEM
I POISON THE BUGGERS !
albert

WHY is the British Government following the United States's crusade against Libya with such vigour, despite the lack of any evidential or legal basis for it?

If anyone should know it is surely the prime minister. Yet when cornered by Labour MP Tam Dalyell, Mr Major pronounced himself "puzzled" by the attitude of the foreign office on the matter.

It's good to be governed by someone who is so much, well... his own man.

HAVING got into bed with cabinet colleague Peter Lilley over Maastricht, Michael Portillo, that most overrated of Thatcherites, could soon be in need of a media adviser.

In his role as Treasury axeman, he is about to start a swingeing onslaught against public spending. Whom should he employ?

Step forward former flatmate Hugh Bygott-Webb, who fully supports his Thatcherite views. But there is one problem to overcome. When Bygott-Webb produced the Frank Bough current affairs show on Sky TV, he was amazingly successful in persuading top politicians to appear on it. Much to his chagrin, Portillo always declined.

THE ELECTION of John Smith as leader of the Labour Party will not appease two groups of critics within the party: the pro-abortionists and the anti-nuclear lobby.

Women have not forgiven him for voting in support of David Alton's anti-abortion bill. Smith's "friends" tried to argue that he only did it because there were a lot of Catholics in his constituency, but that was exposed as hokum by those who knew the district. The truth is that he voted for the bill simply because he is that sort of person.

He is also at odds with party policy over nuclear power. He was for a brief, undistinguished period the shadow energy spokesman and made plain his support for the nukes. After the party came out firmly, and repeatedly, against nuclear power, he went on *The World At One* and said that Labour would not necessarily phase out nuclear power. The party conference had said that it would do just that.

At the general election Labour said: "We will not invest in new nuclear power stations." Given that nobody is proposing to, not even the Tory Government, this was hardly a radical statement, and it had been whittled down from a policy which called for the abandonment of Sizewell B and THORP (the thermal oxide reprocessing plant).

Smith's problem is now to show that he supports nuclear power (to satisfy his backers, the General and Municipal Union, and others like the engineers and electricians whose members work in the industry) and to show that is opposed to any extension of it (and hence supports party policy).

ROBIN COOK cuts an intriguing figure in the new Labour set-up: always an ardent opponent of nuclear power and a leading figure in the Socialist Environment and Resources Association which pioneered the anti-nuclear campaign inside Labour.

He rushed to become the principal supporter of Neil Kinnock's campaign 10 years ago to win the leadership, and recently assumed the same role behind Smith. His diminishing group of admirers wonder if his main policy commitment isn't simply to make himself right-hand man of whoever happens to be leader.

ROGER GODSIFF'S hold on Birmingham Small Heath is looking increasingly precarious after the constituency Labour Party was recently allowed its first meetings in three years.

Practically every officer elected by local members stood on an anti-Godsiff ticket. They include the chairman, councilllor Abdul Malik, vice chair John McLoughlin, secretary John Heywood and membership secretary Ron Wigley. The treasurer is councillor Muhammad Afzal — Godsiff's sworn rival who stood against him in the "rigged" selection.

But there is one man beside Godsiff who hopes Godsiff can cling on to his seat a little longer. Local solicitor Tony Rust has already made thousands of pounds after helping the anti-Godsiff elements win a legal aid certificate. He has been heard chortling over many a bottle of red wine as he seeks ways of extending the saga just a little longer. The Small Heath affair has also sated Rust's other craving, for publicity. Rust is known to choose his cases according to the number of column inches they might generate and is notorious among his colleagues for hauling out his huge file of press clippings at the least provocation. His office is decorated in photos of himself on television.

Luckily for Rust the skullduggery continues. At the Aston ward meeting recently — again the first for three years after the party was suspended — there was uproar after some of those present were found to come from other parts of the city. They were thrown out and the anti-Godsiff majority won the day.

And in Nechells there was a punch-up when Abdul Malik, the newly-elected ward secretary, was punched by a Godsiff supporter. Rust seems set to rake in the cash for a lot longer yet...

A HOST of seamy and increasingly bizarre characters are emerging from the woodwork in Birmingham Sparkbrook in readiness for the battle to replace the upwardly mobile Roy Hattersley as Labour MP.

The two wimmin to throw their hats into the ring — Councillor Najma Hafeez, the Queen of the Damp Courses, and Erica Barnett, the loony and disinherited Marxist daughter of BBC deputy director Lord Barnett — have been joined by city councillor Bhagat Singh, better known locally as Bhagat the Murderer.

No, he didn't kill anyone; but several years ago the police thought he had and locked him up for three days. It followed the killing of an Asian man who had been harassing local women. Some people complained to Bhagat who promised to "deal" with it. The man was killed shortly afterwards, and the plods suspected Bhagat.

In true West Midlands police tradition they tried to force a confession out of him. Fortunately it was the less experienced members of the force dealing with the case — the torture comprised of keeping him short of food and waving beef sandwiches at him through the bars. Eventually the killer emerged as the dead man's next door neighbour — whose wife and daughter the victim had been sleeping with — and Bhagat was released. Councillor Singh earned himself another sobriquet recently when he made an abortive attempt to become chair of the West Midlands fire service. He is now known as Bhagat Singe.

Bhagat's main supporter is Stan Yapp, former leader of West Midlands county council, who chairs Sparkbrook Labour Party. The price is that Bhagat has to support Yapp's attempt to replace retiring councillor Khalid Mahmood who is in Kuwait flogging underwear catalogues to porn-starved natives along with air-conditioning to cool them down afterwards.

Yapp and Bhagat cemented their friendship some years ago by drinking dry Bhagat's off-licence, where huge losses caused it to go out of business. They are unlikely to prove a real match for the candidate being prepared by Walworth Road to replace Fattersley — David Hill.

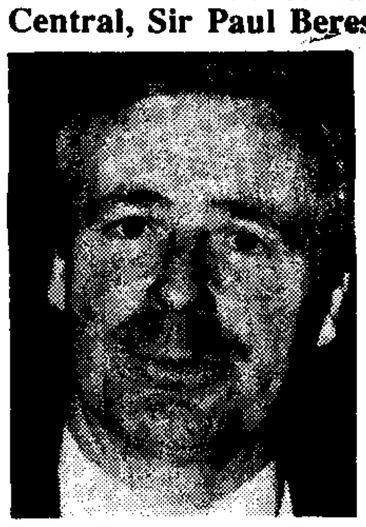
Hill is the party's national communications director, but his roots are in Sparkbrook where his mother Rita is deputy chair. He is also Hattersley's former personal assistant.

'Backbiter'

"Congratulations! You're not the new Labour leader!"

THE NEW BOYS (4)
Sir Paul Beresford

THE NEW Conservative member for Croydon Central, Sir Paul Beresford, 46, is the thinking man's Terry Dicks — an abrasive Thatcherite, ever ready to anathematise left-wingers and pour scorn upon his wet and ineffectual Conservative colleagues on Wandsworth borough council.



His favourite put-down is to tell someone who is whingeing about some task that he, Beresford, could do it with his hands tied behind his back. Born in New Zealand, he is a third-generation dentist who arrived here in 1971 having studied dentistry at Otago University. His first wife followed him here but eventually became tired of England, as well as him, and returned home. Sir Paul himself has made few trips back to New Zealand and his second wife is English. He became a Tory councillor in Wandsworth in 1978 after witnessing four spendthrift years of Labour rule in the borough.

He is the first to admit that he is not a cultured man. "I'm a New Zealander," he has said, "I don't know what the word philosophy means."

A rugger player at school, Sir Paul has retained the game's aggression. He will gleefully recount occasions when he has taken a swing at somebody. One man who was foolish enough to goose Beresford's wife found himself nursing a broken jaw. His physical aggression is only outdone by his verbal exploits. Foremost among the victims of his invective was Fiona McTaggart, former leader of the Labour group on Wandsworth council. Beresford displayed his immense wit by making comments about her weight. He displayed a total lack of magnanimity when she was unseated in 1990, gloating over her defeat.

Over the past nine years since he succeeded Chris Chope as Conservative leader of Wandsworth council, Sir Paul has been an assiduous privatiser and scourge of local government spending. He was one of the most determined enemies of the ILEA and gloried in its destruction. He used the proceeds of council house sales to reduce the rates.

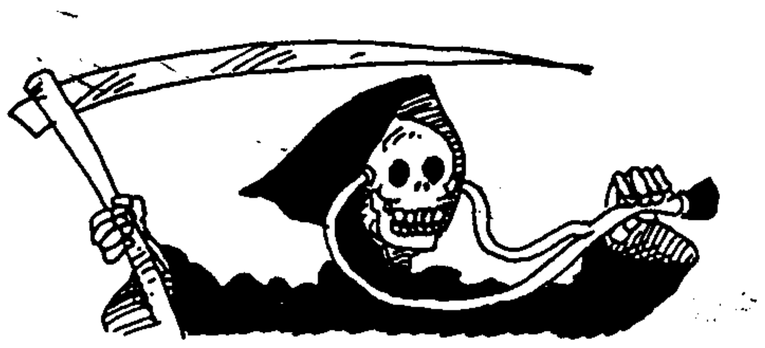
In 1989 he announced that he would step down from the leadership, thus flushing out those councillors with an eye on the prize, only to change his mind on the grounds that the survival not only of the Tory majority in Wandsworth but of Mrs Thatcher's government no less, depended on him. Indeed, his proudest hour came in April 1990 when Wandsworth defied the national opinion polls and returned a thumping Tory majority, saving the day.

There was, however, a momentary question-mark over his own candidature this year since he had sold his house in Southfields and moved to Kingston, while his business address was in Park Lane, Mayfair. He had quickly rented a business premises above a motorcycle repair shop in Tooting Bec. The Labour group wanted to challenge his eligibility for election because they regarded this business address as bogus, but after the Tories scored such a magnificent victory it would have made no difference and they dropped the idea.

Sir Paul spent the last couple of years of his leadership pursuing and attaining the holy grail of a zero community charge, though at the cost of abandoning all the borough's law centres and slashing nursery care. The zero community charge became a fetish for Sir Paul and anyone within the Conservative group who dared criticise the policy was immediately consigned to the flames, such as councillor Ravi Govindia, chairman of the leisure and amenities committee.

With Sir Paul's resignation after the general election, the officers and councillors, Labour and Tory alike, heaved a collective sigh of relief. However, Sir Paul still clung on to the vestiges of his power. He did his damnedest to scotch the leadership ambitions of councillor Cathy Tracey, wife of Tory MP Dick Tracey, and instead championed his old chum Eddie Lister, who won the contest, though even Lister had to ring him up six weeks after he had formally departed and ask him to remove his papers from the leader's office.

Sir Paul believes he is an impossible act to follow, but he forgets that his act was very much a, er, "collaborative" effort, and Wandsworth council officers are thankful they will no longer have to prepare his briefing notes for him.



DOING THE ROUNDS

GORGEOUS, pouting health secretary Virginia Bottomley has sounded the death knell for the fearsome and outdated British consultant who will be replaced by the user-friendly Euro-specialist.

The eagle-eyed European Commission took a mere 15 years to spot that a 1977 law to ensure fully qualified doctors could practise anywhere in the community was being flouted in the UK. This followed Dr Anthony Goldstein's successful high court battle with the UK Joint Committee of Higher Medical Training, who refused to acknowledge fairly his EC accreditation (*Eye* 788). With the weight of Europe behind her, Mrs Bottomley has now seized the opportunity to put one up the London medical establishment.

The royal colleges, the British Medical Association and the General Medical Council have long been running a secret cartel to ensure that only "suitable" (ie UK-trained) applicants receive UK accreditation or progress to consultanthood. Since the vast majority of private health firms only employ consultants or UK-accredited specialists, this restrictive practice has conveniently sewn up the private market too.

Britain boasts fewer consultants per head of the population than any other country in Europe, ensuring NHS waiting lists are the longest in Europe and forcing patients into the private sector where the relatively few consultants divide the spoils (the cataract scams etc, *Eyes passim*). Competition for consultant posts is so fierce that junior doctors continue to work inhumanely and without supervision to protect their references.

Although UK accreditation is not essential to become a consultant, its absence is a useful spoiler to prevent overseas or otherwise "unsuitable" doctors from progressing too far or muscling in on the BUPA jamboree. However, European law decrees that EC-accredited specialists should have been on an equal footing with their UK colleagues since 1977, and both the commission and the Office of Fair Trading may well decide that UK accreditation, and hence consultant selection, are illegal.

Aggrieved doctors are now lining up to sue the royal colleges and General Medical Council for loss of private income and career status. One army-qualified plastic surgeon was promised accreditation and then refused because "we don't want private practice slipping into the hands of the army".

The outlook is now so dire for a wilfully fraudulent medical establishment that meetings between it and the DoH are held in private with all parties sworn to secrecy. Independent observers such as the Hospital Doctors' Association (a prime mover in calling for restructuring of medical training and an end to the "one man-one reference" patronage system), have sadly been excluded. Whether the threat of litigation stops consultant selection committees overlooking the best applicant in favour of the right sort of chap remains to be seen.

● A RECENT study by the audit commission found that many hospitals are failing to meet basic standards of care for sick children. At the **Whittington Hospital** (nearly Trust) in **north London**, a boy arrived for a pre-election operation at 8am after 12 hours' fasting, only for it to be delayed until 3.30pm, when mother was tactfully invited in to watch the bits being removed. Her son came out of the anaesthetic at 5.30pm, but was not judged fit to go home until after a 9pm pee. No transport was available and the pair were offered a bed for the night. Mother, unable to sleep sitting under a vomit-scented blanket, was forced to climb in with her son.

● AT **GUY'S NHS Trust**, parents worried that their three-year-old daughter would die waiting for NHS heart surgery forked out £8,500 for a private operation only to discover there was no cot for their daughter when she came out of intensive care and the nurse couldn't find a pillow.

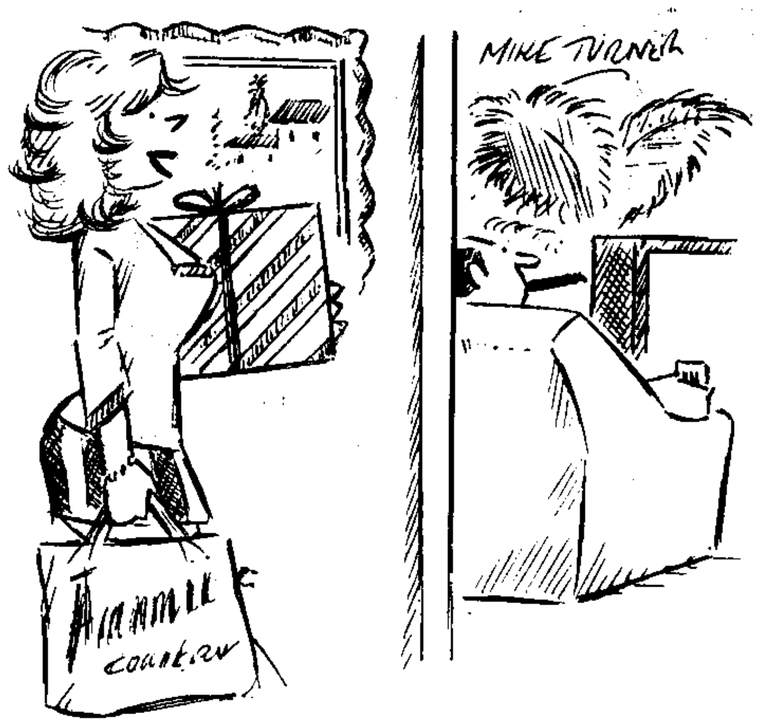
● THE competition to see which **London** hospital ends up most in debt is headed by **University College** and **Middlesex** hospitals who are £19 million under, despite closing two wards, with **King's** and **St Bartholomew's** a modest £4 million in the red. At the **Central Middlesex Hospital**, panic has set in after four surgical managers were told they served "no useful function" prior to dismissal. Who's next?

● SUE JAMES, a £40,000-a-year bureaucrat at **Leeds General Infirmary** is responsible for rushing through the redundancy notice of whistleblower Dr Chris Chapman and depriving him of his pension rights (*Eye* 797). Mrs James claimed the pension would be a "profligate waste of hospital monies", although pensions are not drawn from hospital funds.

Dr Chapman first uncovered misappropriation of NHS resources in the chemical pathology department in 1987. New management was installed under Professor John Whicher, with James keeping a close eye on the department. So close, in fact, that she failed to spot a fraudulent research project that Chapman exposed in 1989 and which lost the NHS a considerable investment (although Whicher's reputation was temporarily enhanced by "successes" claimed for the project).

The response to Chapman's discovery was swift; Whicher promoted the fraudster, Dr Stuart Evans, while James oversaw a sham investigation which failed to substantiate the fraud. When Leeds University was forced to investigate this year, it had no difficulty in confirming it. At Chapman's appeal, James was asked why the fraud was not detected in 1989. She claimed the fraud was a university matter, and no concern of the NHS, even though a substantial fee was paid by the hospital to accountants Coopers and Lybrand to audit her investigation. Mrs James has yet to explain this profligate waste of NHS monies.

Professor Whicher, meanwhile, was elevated to the board of the **United Leeds Teaching Hospitals NHS Trust** and has since crossed Leeds to take up a prestigious post at **St James' Hospital**, funded by the Cancer Research Campaign. Mrs James leaves the **LGI** next month to take up the newly-created planning directorship with the neighbouring **Bradford NHS Hospitals Trust**.



"Money, I'm home!"

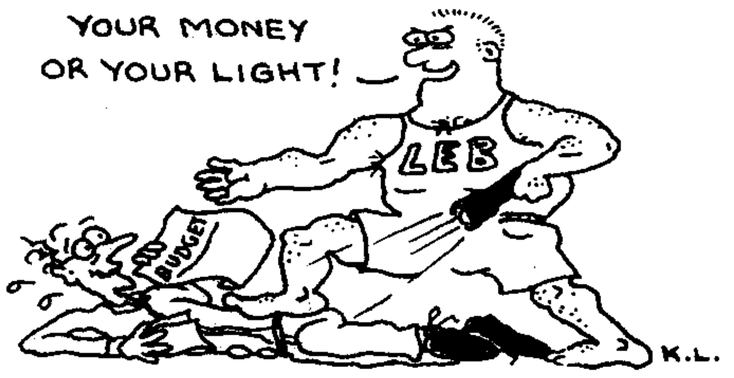
That will leave trust executive Stuart Ingham carrying the can and continuing to insist quite properly that Dr Chapman's unfortunate redundancy — the only one in a department of 200 — had nothing to do with his whistleblowing.

It will be interesting to see how much taxpayers' money is put up as a carrot to dissuade Dr Chapman from having his "day in court" at an industrial tribunal, when the privilege laws will allow his allegations to be reported in detail.

● ANN COOLEY, director of nursing services at **Taunton and Somerset NHS Trust**, has reluctantly been forced to fund nurse up-grading. A tribunal judged that eight auxiliaries have been undergraded since April 1988, and Mrs Cooley will have to dig deep to find four years' back pay. The money is likely to come from the planned phasing out of night sisters.

M.D.

Sally Deedes



● ***WHY is the privatised London Electricity Board so keen to "help" customers by putting them on its monthly budget payments scheme, by which users spread the cost of their electricity bills? Probably because the scheme is such a nice little earner — for the LEB.***

Back in February, a Mr Coleman became a new LEB customer. Despite excellent personal and financial references, the LEB's customer services department, he felt, treated him as if he were a high-risk defaulter. It was suggested he join the monthly budget scheme, which was presented as a cheaper option, and reluctantly he agreed.

When he received his first quarterly bill — for 10 weeks — the bill was for £94.88 and he paid it promptly. Two weeks later, however, he received notification that his application for the budget scheme had been accepted and he was asked to start paying £150 a month by direct debit.

By this method the LEB would accrue a healthy £1,800 a year from Mr Coleman, generously refunding him any excess at the end of the year. Mr Coleman declined this generous offer and decided to stick with a quarterly bill.

A spokesman from OFFER, the electricity regulator, said: "This does seem a trifle excessive, but you have to understand that bills fluctuate and it is hoped that over the 12 months an average is reached." But what about the pot of interest accrued on the money by the electricity board? "Ah yes, well, there is no requirement for them to give you credit on the excess money that they hold." No wonder the LEB is so eager for you to to join the scheme!

HUSBAND
It's a nice hotel but try and get to the pool early
TRAVEL AGENT
You see, the Germans tend to get there first and grab the best places
Not if we break their legs they won't

ZOO NEWS

CLOSURE still looms for Regent's Park Zoo, with its management insisting that it cannot afford to continue beyond September.

But is it really as hard-up as all that? First there is the £1 million donated earlier this year by the emir of Kuwait — though admittedly the old rogue did postdate his cheque to 15 July so he could cancel it if he decided the zoo wouldn't use it wisely.

Then there are the large sums hidden in the coffers of the zoo's parent body, the Zoological Society of London: as of 31 March 1992, its endowment fund had a balance of £5,592,000, and its development fund £3,618,000.

And what of the proceeds of last year's Save Our Zoo campaign? This raised £300,000 in cash as well as £200,000-worth of goods donated for a fund-raising auction. Since the auction never happened, the goods are presumably gathering dust in a warehouse somewhere. The £300,000 is also *untouched*. Several fellows of the Zoological Society have asked to see the accounts of this appeal, but the zoo's treasurer, Peter Holwell, has flatly refused.

The dissidents have now called an emergency meeting of the society on 29 July, at which they will demand the resignation of the zoo's management and council. They point to last year's idiotic advertising campaign which tried to entice visitors by suggesting that they might see pandas having sex. (Its slogan: "We're keeping everything crossed. Hoping they won't do likewise.") Quite apart from being untrue — in the unlikely event that the pandas did mate, they would have been kept well away from public view — this also provoked protests about bad taste. The rest of the campaign was cancelled, leaving the zoo with a bill of £75,000 for the poster sites and magazine pages it had booked but not used.

The zoo's incompetent bosses are now pinning their hopes on a barmy project from a company called New Zoo Developments Ltd, which wants to turn Regent's Park into a "rainforest habitat". This will end the one thing London Zoo does supremely well — captive breeding of endangered species — and turn it into pure spectacle, like a 19th-century menagerie.

It will also cost an awesome £61 million, which NZD does not have. It is quite possible the "rainforest" plan will be approved only to run out of money half-way through its construction, like Battersea power station. Does London Zoo really need another white elephant?

LUVVIES

Saturday

A WAITING day. At Nicki's choice we went to see Six Degrees of Separation, our friend John Guare's brilliant play. I liked it even more than in New York. By being more serious, the director Phyllida Lloyd has made it funnier and more surreal. Stockard Channing gives a great performance. And there is an actor, Adrian Lester, who has an animal truth which is quite remarkable... What can I do with him?

Monday

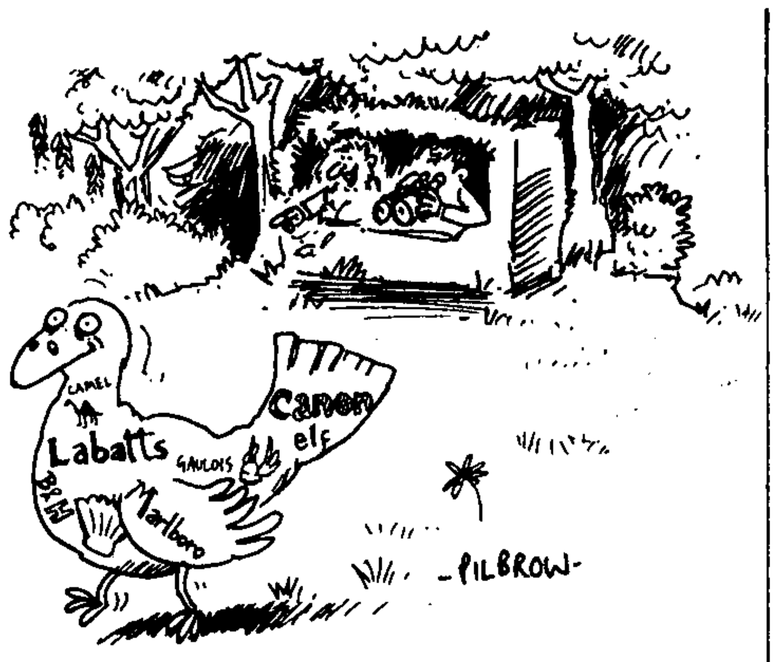
GILES Block took my Stratford rehearsal today so I could stay in London with Nicki. Emma unfolds like a flower. We are graced with a very pretty baby. Aren't they all pretty in the eyes of their parents? A happy day full of flowers and congratulations. John Guare arrives with the essential library for Emma's life — An Oxford Dictionary, Jane Austen, Madam Bovary, and books on health, diet and success. And Kafka...

...News today that Barry Unsworth has decided he would sooner work with me on a series of Sacred Hunger than make a feature film. I am amazed and delighted.

SIR PETER HALL
Guardian

Submitted by Alan Rowlands.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.



"Look – a racing pigeon"

Cult Corner

TRAVELLERS returning from Moscow report tales of woe and distress — but none so distressful as those from Moscow University's school of journalism library.

Formerly named after Karl Marx, not only has it been renamed after Scientology cult supremo L. Ron Hubbard, but it has even been decorated with tales of his life and adventures. Meanwhile a million-strong edition of one of Hubbard's turgid and posthumous novels, *Imperial Earth*, is coming out in Russian. As if the Russians weren't suffering enough...

US ELECTION NEWS

THE POLITICAL influence of Bill Clinton's financial backers is getting out of control.

Clinton's biggest campaign backer has been the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), and his "general counsel" is one David Ifshin, who holds the same position for AIPAC. His Middle East policy was drafted by Sarah Erhman, also from AIPAC, and his chief fundraiser is Israeli-born Rahm Emanuel, who took time off work in an Israeli army base "near the Lebanese border" during the Gulf war.

These, and scores of other Aipac hangers-on, are why the so-called liberal Clinton is pledged to recognise Jerusalem, including the occupied eastern side, as Israel's capital, and not to allow a Palestinian state. And it is why he pushed for unconditional handover of the $10 billion loan guarantees to former Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir.

It is also why he is not the current Israeli prime minister's best friend. It was Bush's refusal to give Shamir the $10 billion that allowed Yitzhak Rabin to win the election, and Israel's victorious Labour Party well remembers the years of uncritical AIPAC support for Likud which allowed Shamir and Begin to buy the support of the loony religious parties.

The result for Clinton, however, is that his Democratic election platform is now even more hardline on the Middle East than that of the new Israeli government!

Letters

Private Eye

Extract

Sir,

Congratulations and thanks to Sally Deedes (797)! Yours is the only periodical which has explained the current crisis in NHS dentistry with accuracy and full understanding.

The Department of Health commissioned a report from Ernst & Young on the method by which dentists were paid, but unfortunately the result was not as desired by Mr Waldegrave, as Mrs Bottomley was known at that time.

The report stated that the statistical methods employed were "fundamentally flawed", and that those responsible for their implementation did not understand them. The report was immediately suppressed, and to my knowledge has never since seen the light of day.

The department is now having to do the treasury's dirty work off its own bat, ably assisted by the British Dental Association sitting in Dr Mawhinney's pocket.

Yours faithfully,
J.P. CARBERRY, BDS,

Bulwell, Nottingham.

Full figure

Sir,

With reference to your entertaining snippet featuring Lord Stevens in the fake photo, I am amazed that you should ignore the most "outstanding" figure appearing therein. Who can this voluptuous blonde be? Step forward Eve Pollard, Fleet Street's very own Joan Collins. Moreover the picture is noteworthy in that La Stupenda's infamous bosom is actually covered up! Such modesty!

Yours in the private booth,
ROBERT HILL,

Huddersfield, W.Yorks.

Hotel lobby

Sir,

Yes, the SUNDAY EXPRESS *colour magazine did publish an article on the splendours of the Colombe D'Or Hotel in France.*

However, contrary to your inaccurate report in last week's issue, I have never been a guest at the hotel.

More's the pity!

Yours sincerely,
EVE POLLARD,

Editor, Sunday Express, London SE1

Ark sent

Sir,

Re HP Sauce in EYE *797.*

The counterpart of "oop north" is not, as you say, "down south" but DARN SARF.

Ignorant Cockney Git.

Yours sincerely,
TED MACANDREW

Leeds, W.Yorks.

Cast your bread...

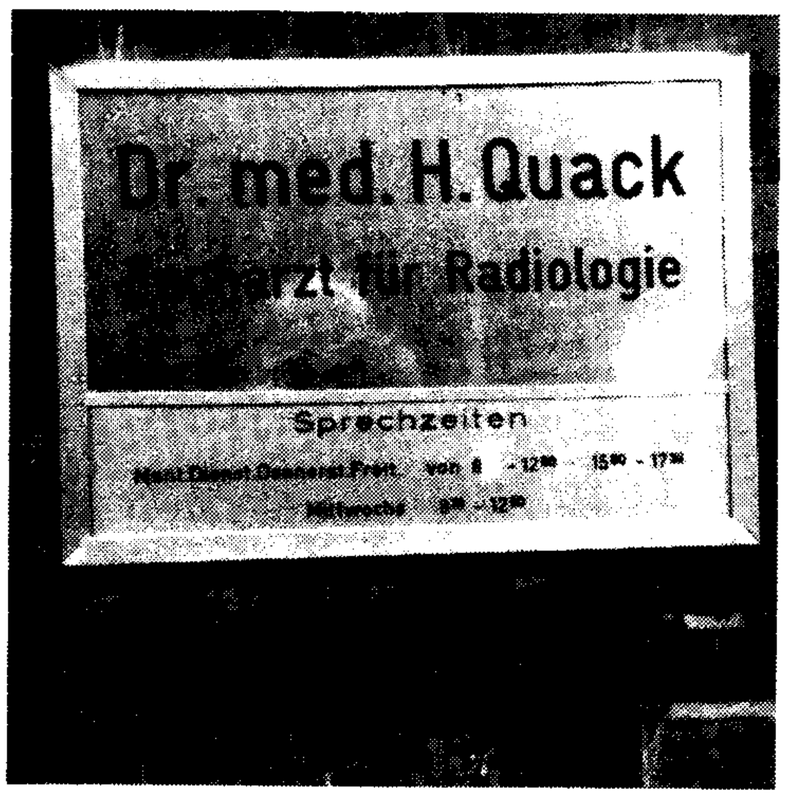
Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between the disclosure that Thames Water plc donates money to the Conservative Party and the recent award of a gong to the chairman of the aforementioned company. Are the Tories secretly privatising the awards service? I think we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
MARK EVANS,

Reading.

I-SPY



Submitted by D.T. Wade. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Bring back the Burchill

Sir,

I note from the letters section (797) that the delectable Julie Burchill has allowed Martyn Harris to give her one [a book review — Ed]. *I am not as famous as wot he is, but I am considerably taller and, I am confident, more relaxing company. Can you fix it for me to give her one as well?*

Yours truly,
DAVID GILLINGHAM,

London W2.

Scour around

Sir,

Has Sylvie Krin left your organ to work for Brillo Pad? I think we should be told.

Yours,
JULIAN SEAMAN,

London W6.

Tory canyon

Sir,

What is this nonsense about Max Hastings grumbling about accuracy in the DAILY TELEGRAPH*? The practice there has always been to get in accurate reports and then distort them for publication, and he bloody well knows it, I assume.*

Yours sincerely,
BERNARD JONES,

London W1.

Sit con

Sir,

Perhaps licence payers should think twice before swallowing Couch Potato's brown-nose job on BBC 1, praising Auntie's latest pap soap opera — ELDORADO (EYE *797). If viewers* ARE *content with the standard of Jonathan Powell's programme output, then perhaps they would appreciate his latest venture (upon whose success his job as controller hangs). But if they are less than happy with dross sitcoms like* SO HAUNT ME *and* SIDE BY SIDE *as well as such excrement as* NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY, NOEL'S ADDICTS *and* CAUGHT IN THE ACT, *they would be well advised to make the tactical decision of boycotting Powell's cash consuming series.*

Yours,
CHRISTOPHER COX,

Beckenham, Kent.

Bullseye

Sir,

Having lived outside the UK for the last four years, I have no idea which personalities are now in vogue in the British press. On my way back to the US recently, I picked up a copy of the EYE *(19 June) at Heathrow and was rather dismayed to see that Jocelyn Targett is the* GRAUNIAD*'s arts editor. Am I mistaken, or is this the same over-confident moron who forced us to read his twaddle every Friday in Cambridge University's* STOP PRESS*? He couldn't write then and, given how bad he was, he can't have got that much better.*

Yours faithfully,
TARIQ MUNDIYA,

New York, NY.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"... no one to stem the floodgates of hot air; there is now an avalanche of it."
CAROL THATCHER, TV-am
(Rick Lowe)

"Such an easy pitch... Graham Gooch and Alec Stewart think their Christmases have all come home."
GEOFF BOYCOTT, BBC1
(Lyn Jones)

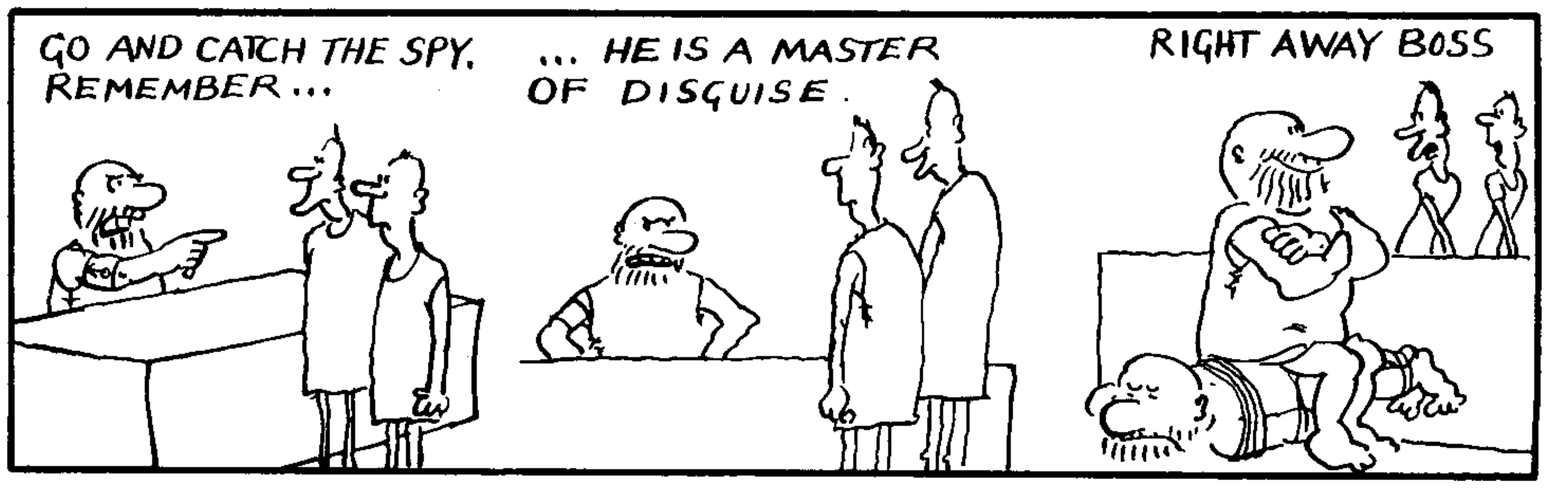
"She [Monica Seles] has so much control of the racket with those double-handed wrists."
VIRGINIA WADE, BBC2
(John Hadley)

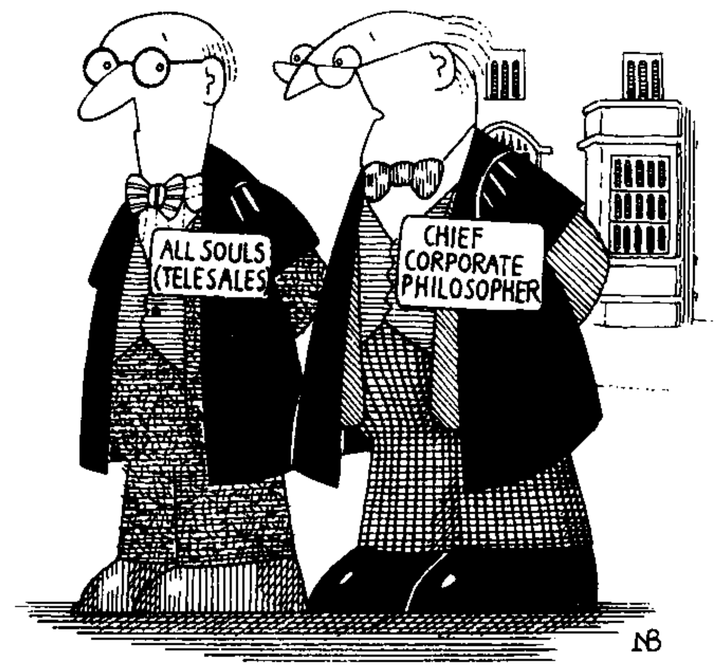
"You're either very good or very bad. There's no in between. We were in between."
GARY LINEKER, ITV
(David Stevens)

"I thought he was going to dive and decapitate himself... badly."
MIKE HENDRICK, BBC
(Eddie Rich)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN





"The Dreaming Spires are not what they were, Tomkinson"

UNIVERSITY NEWS

THE RECENT proliferation of new universities seems to have gone to the heads of many of the cranks and megalomaniacs who run them.

Take Thames Valley University, which until a month ago was known as the Polytechnic of West London. Its recently-appointed director, Dr Mike Fitzgerald — a 1960s relic with shoulder-length hair — now has the power to realise his futuristic vision of an "electronic campus" equipped with "learning resource centres" where staff-student contact will be minimised and students will communicate with the institution via their computers or "video conferencing" equipment.

Where will the money come from? A clue lies in another of Fitzgerald's ideas, namely the concept of "strategic alliance" with the private sector. On 11 June Fitzgerald revealed that he was negotiating to form such an alliance with Capita Group plc.

Capita, whose main business is computers, claims to be the UK's leading provider of "management services" to the public sector. It is well known for its contribution to the art of poll-tax collection on behalf of local councils. It has, however, no previous connection with higher education. Now it is to assume complete control of Thames Valley University's "information technology".

On 23 June Fitzgerald held a street party to launch the new varsity. But not all the university's employees were celebrating. Two weeks earlier, on the same day that the deal with Capita was announced, the entire 40-strong staff of Thames Valley's Ealing computer centre had been spirited away to Slough where they were given the opportunity to discover what a "strategic alliance" really is. They will all be asked to resign from their jobs and join Capita with new contracts.

Their previous service will not be recognised: if Capita later decides to make them redundant, they will get no compensation, no matter how many years' service at the poly (sorry, university) they have. Oh, and they will be subject to "redeployment" anywhere within the Capita organisation: in other words, they could suddenly be sent off to pursue poll-tax defaulters in some far-flung corner of Britain. Truly, as Mike Fitzgerald boasts, this will be "a first for higher education in this country".

MEANWHILE over at the new South Bank University, the vice-chancellor's PA has sent the following very important memo to all heads of department:

"As most of you will already know we received formal approval from the Privy Council last week for the change of title of our institution from South Bank Polytechnic to South Bank University.

"This also has the effect of changing the title of certain senior members of staff. Our former Director, Baroness Perry, is now Vice-Chancellor and Chief Executive and should be addressed as Vice-Chancellor on all internal correspondence. She may be addressed in person as either Vice-Chancellor or Baroness Perry (Lady Perry is also correct and acceptable but Mrs Perry is not. This is no longer her legal name and therefore should not, in any circumstances, be used...)

"Can you please see that all staff are informed of these changes?"

66 CHESTER SQUARE LONDON SW1

Dear Bill,

Forgive the long pause, but my mind has been rather wandering of late. I don't know about you, but I find it very hard nowadays to get down to serious correspondence, and even the Daily Telegraph Quick Crossword Puzzle remains, I fear, very often uncompleted. (By the by, is "Eft" a newt or a sprite? I never can remember, and it held me up for several hours yesterday, though One Across may not have been "Opal" (Blue Gem).)

Also I have been rather drawn in, against my will, to the politics at the RAC. As you may have heard, that accountant Johnny from Chorleywood with the loud voice – Perkins, Massingberd? No matter – is leading a campaign to have women admitted, on the grounds that this is nearly the twenty-first century, God help us, and that women have shown they can climb to the top of the tree in every department. The Major rang me a few weeks ago on this one, to ask whether I would back him on a last-ditch bid to preserve the Status Quo, pointing out that women are already allowed in on the third Thursday in the month, provided they are accompanied by not less than four members. I agreed, rather reluctantly, to attend the Club Committee Meeting which was unusually well attended, and held in the Vauxhall Hatchback Room. Maurice has got over his Implant Operation – you may remember his body unanimously rejected it – and was already pretty whistled when Perkins or whatever his name is got up to propose the motion. "Many of us here," he began, his prominent eyes sweeping the room and coming to rest on yours truly, "have reason to applaud the quite splendid contribution that women have made to our national life in the last decade, and I feel sure that they above all others will wish to be in the forefront in extending membership to the gentle sex." "Gentle be buggered!" Maurice's already slurred voice proclaimed, and when the Secretary attempted to have him ejected there was a full-scale fracas, and the meeting was mercifully adjourned before I was called upon to speak.

No such restraint has been shown by their Lordships, but they of course have had to put up with women for years, not to mention a lot of crooks like that macintosh man who went to prison. However the facilities are very good, and they pay you a daily sub to go there – a handful of notes in the hand and no questions asked – which is a much more attractive arrangement than you get at other clubs.

We Masons take a lot of stick for dressing up and farting about but the highjinks they get up to in that place really make our little soirees at Folkestone look like the vicar's tea-party. For a start, the Boss had to go to Moss Bros to get a red dressing gown with a fur wrap and a smaller version of that triangular hat the Town Crier wears at Rye when he opens the bar at the Mermaid to get the Americans in. As I told you, the old girl has been very lukewarm about signing up on the grounds that it will take a lot of Houdini stuff with the Constitutional lawyers should she wish to resume supreme power. But I put it to her that the Palais de Wrinklies would be no bad place from which to sound off when she wanted to give Major one up the arse (I didn't put it like that to her of course), that having a handle on her name would probably jack up her fee on the After Dinner Circuit in the US of A, and entre nous, I was very much in favour inasmuch as it would give her somewhere to go in the afternoons. I think it may have been the Boy Mark who finally swung it, no doubt proposing to her that being able to trade with our sheepshagging friends in the Middle East under the tag of The Honourable Mark Thatcher would be no end of a boost.

There was quite a reception committee when we arrived for the dress rehearsal. Old Oyster Eyes tottered up to press the flesh: "Well, well, Margaret my dear, we never thought we'd see you here, what? We all have to come to it in the end." At this Pegleg Hailsham began to chuckle in that mad way of his, swinging about on his sticks like an old performing orang-outang, "Margaret! Surrender hope all ye who enter here! Ha-ha!" "Nonsense, Quintin," snapped the Boss, "I'm sure a way will be found. Alec did it, and he was years older than I was!" The old boys all looked rather glum at this, and I was taken upstairs with the rest of our party to perch in a little gallery.

You probably saw it on the TV, but all the rhubarb routine was brought out for the Japs. The old Scotch egg who runs the place sitting on a red bag full of wool with a silly hat on top of his wig, everyone getting up and sitting down, taking their hats off and muttering bits of Anglo-Saxon. You could see why the Frogs produced the tumbril routine. I must say I don't think she'll stick if for very long.

Have you heard the Boss's pop single? I wouldn't try playing it until you've had a few if I were you. She's pretending to be President Lincoln giving a pep talk at a Memorial Service with a band playing in the background. All I can say is I did see the cheque and when you consider it only took her ten minutes you wonder why you and I wasted our lives flogging paint to Johnny Gyppo.

Yours in the enfeebled pursuit of happiness,

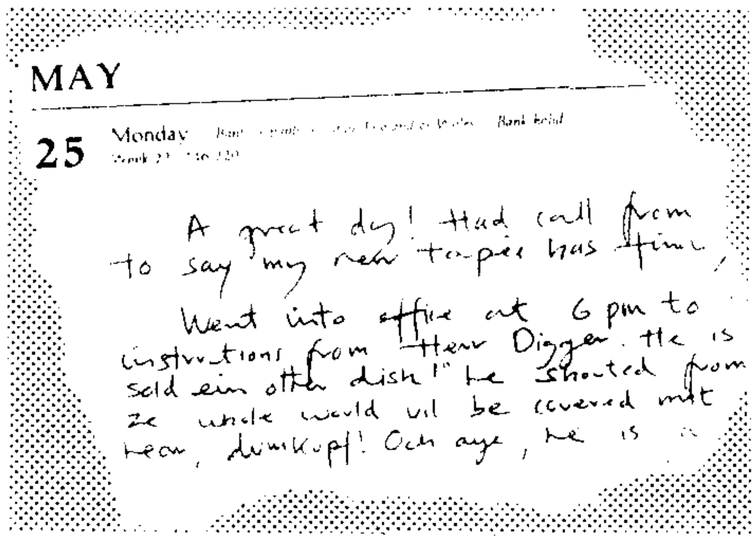
Denis

THE NEILL DIARIES

Private Eye has acquired for an unprecedented sum the secret diaries of one of the most hated men of the twentieth century. He was Andrew Neill, chief propagandist to the dictator Adolf Murdoch, who planned to take over the world.

THESE diaries have been examined by a team of experts, including Professor Hugh Very-Ropey and Professor Norman Stoned-Again, all of whom agree that the diaries are 100 per cent genuine in return for their usual cheques.

The Neill Diaries cover a crucial period in modern history when Murdoch was thought to be planning the elimination of the Royal Family as part of his masterplan. Written in a crude, barely legible Scottish scrawl, the Neill Diaries prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Murdoch knew and approved of Neill's historic attack on the monarchy on what came to be known as Bullshitnacht.


MAY

25 Monday

A great day! Had call from Brillowigs to say my new toupee has finally arrived.

Went into office at 6pm to receive instructions from Herr Digger. He is very excited. "Ve haff sold ein other dish!" he shouted from his bunker. "Vun day ze whole world will be covered mit dishes. All mine, do you hear, dumkopf!" Och aye, he is a wonderful man, the noo!

How the Diaries look

25th May

A great day! Had call from Brillowigs of St James's to say my new toupée has finally arrived.

Went into office at 6pm to receive my daily instructions from Herr Digger. He is very excited. "Ve haff sold ein other dish!" he shouted from his bunker. "Vun day ze whole world vill be covered mit dishes. All mine, do you hear, dumkopf!" Och aye, he is a wonderful man, the noo!

26th May

My new Armani suit is ready to pick up. I shall wear it to the opening of the new nightclub, Hooker's. I will be the talk of the town! At 6pm the phone rings. Always prompt, it is mein beloved Digger! As always he has fresh triumphs to report. "Mein latest blitzkrieg has destroyed ze BBC at a stroke," he told me. "Ve haff exclusive rights to all ze top football — here ve go, here ve go, here ve go! You must broadcast ze news in all mein papers. Is zat clear, schweinhund?" Oh how I worship this man!

Then he lets me in on the biggest secret of them all — the latest scheme in his masterplan to take over the world. We are going to eliminate the Royal Family!

3rd June

Der Digger's latest offensive against the hated Royals is going according to plan. How I hate them, these decadent parasites who are sapping the lifeblood of our beloved Fatherland, with their ridiculous palaces and fancy-dress rituals. But now, thanks to the Digger, we have a secret weapon that is going to blast them all into smithereens. It is code-named DIANA — HER OWN STORY. What a genius our leader is!

20th June

"Ze Royal Family is finished! Kaput!" So screamed mein glorious proprietor, Herr Murdoch, today when he rang me for my daily briefing. Together we laughed and toasted the downfall of the Old Britain and the triumph of Times International Socialism! The snobocracy is brought to its knees — Prince Charles, the snivelling Perry Worsthorne, and all the other toffs who sneer at me for my lowly upbringing, my bluff, down-to-earth manner, my Goebbels accent *(shurely 'Gorbals'? David Irving)*, and my humble hairpiece *(shurely 'Herr-piece'? D.I.)*.

© World Copyright Irving Fasc-Trash Productions 1992

"This drought's getting serious"

A Doctor writes

As a doctor I am often asked, "Doctor, have you got Aids?"

The short answer is "Mind your own business." If you're worried that your doctor might have Aids, bad luck.

© A. Doctor (decd.)

Parliamo Gazza

by Kilometri Kingtoni

No 94: At The Football Match

CROWD: Andiamo, andiamo, andiamo!

GAZZA: Weuuuoohay!

(Contd all season)

NEXT WEEK: At the Physiotherapist

TOP NAMES IN BIGGEST-EVER FLEET STREET SHAKE-UP

by Our Editorial Staff
Lunchtime O'verpaid

THE WORLD of newspapers was still reeling yesterday following the shock news that a lot of dull men are changing jobs. It all began when the editorship of *The Times* was offered to Mr Paul Drivel, the high-flying editor of London's worst newspaper, *The Standard Rubbish*.

This created a domino effect which left Fleet Street pundits stunned and in a state of intoxication *(shurely 'disbelief'? Ed)*. Mr Drivel, regarded as one of journalism's Big Names who receive salaries of over £500,000 a week, was immediately offered the *Daily Fester* in place of Sir David Hasbeen. Drivel accepted the job previously held by the man hailed by his peers as the single greatest journalist in the history of the universe.

Total tosh

With Hasbeen promoted and Drivel *in situ* the way was now open for:

- **Stuart Sacked to be demoted from the *Fail on Sunday* and given Drivel's former job on the *Evening Bore*.**
- **Jonathan Hollowman, high-flying deputy night editor of the *Daily Filth*'s Fashion News Desk, to be promoted to the hot seat of editor of the *Filth on Sunday*.**
- **Simon Jenkins to be sacked from *The Times* by the Digger for knowing how to spell.**
- **Peter McKay to continue writing rubbish for the *Evening Wastepaper*.**
- **Lord Snooty Rothermere deemed out of place in classless society and dropped from all comics.**

ON OTHER PAGES

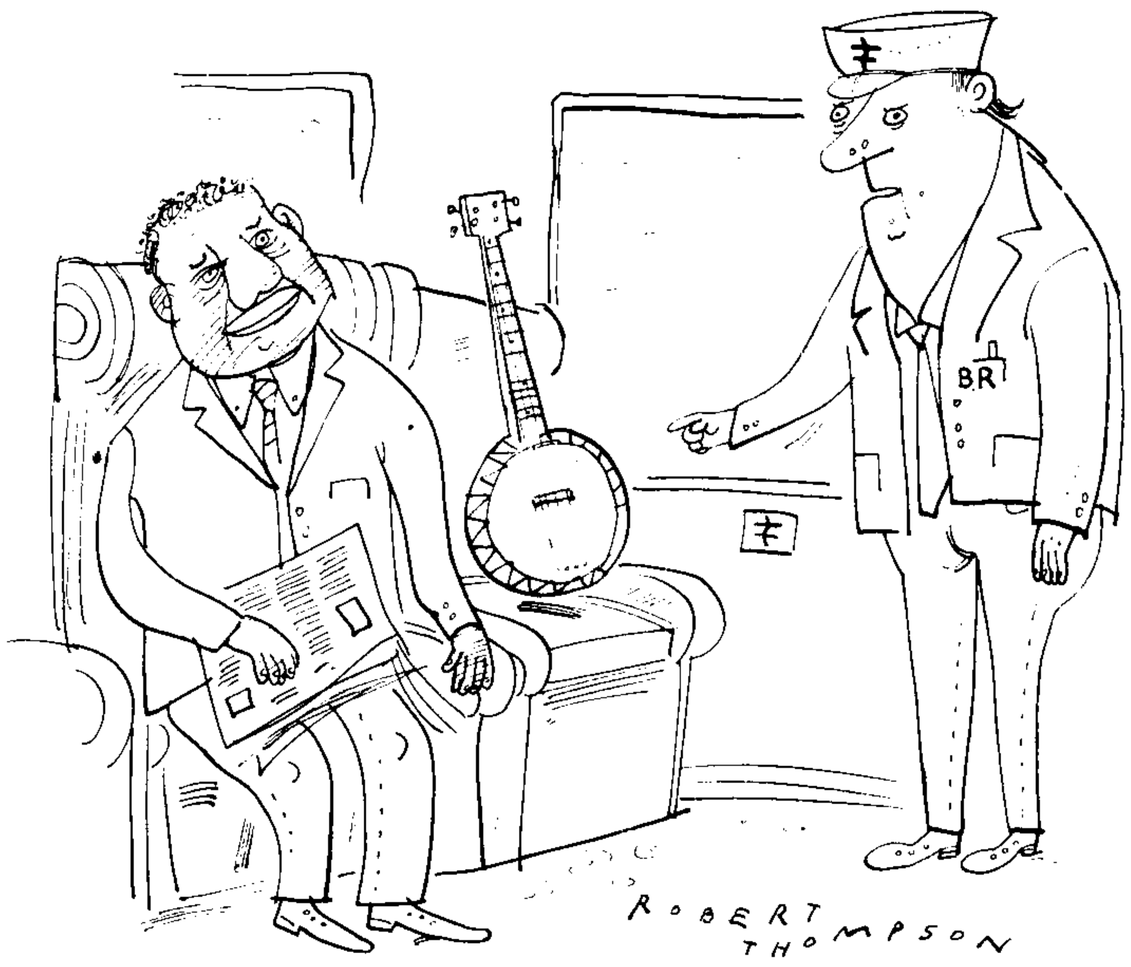
"Why top jobs should pay less" — *Mail* leader

BATTYWOMAN RETURNS

TROUBLE starts when Battywoman, whom everyone thought had been killed off in the last film, is found miraculously preserved in the House of Lords. The sexy Lady is soon brandishing her whip and terrorising her old enemy, Greyman. Not suitable for children.

Now showing at the following Gnomeons

Hailsham
Baker Street
Archole
Ridley North
Tebbit Park
Parkinson



"I'm sorry, sir, the Alabama train gets very full – you'll have to put that on your knee"

IN MEMORIAM
Albert Pierrepoint, Britain's last hangman

So.
Farewell then
Albert Pierrepoint.

Britain's last
Hangman.

"Do you have
Any last
Requests?"

Yes, that was
Your catchphrase.

What were
Yours, I
wonder?

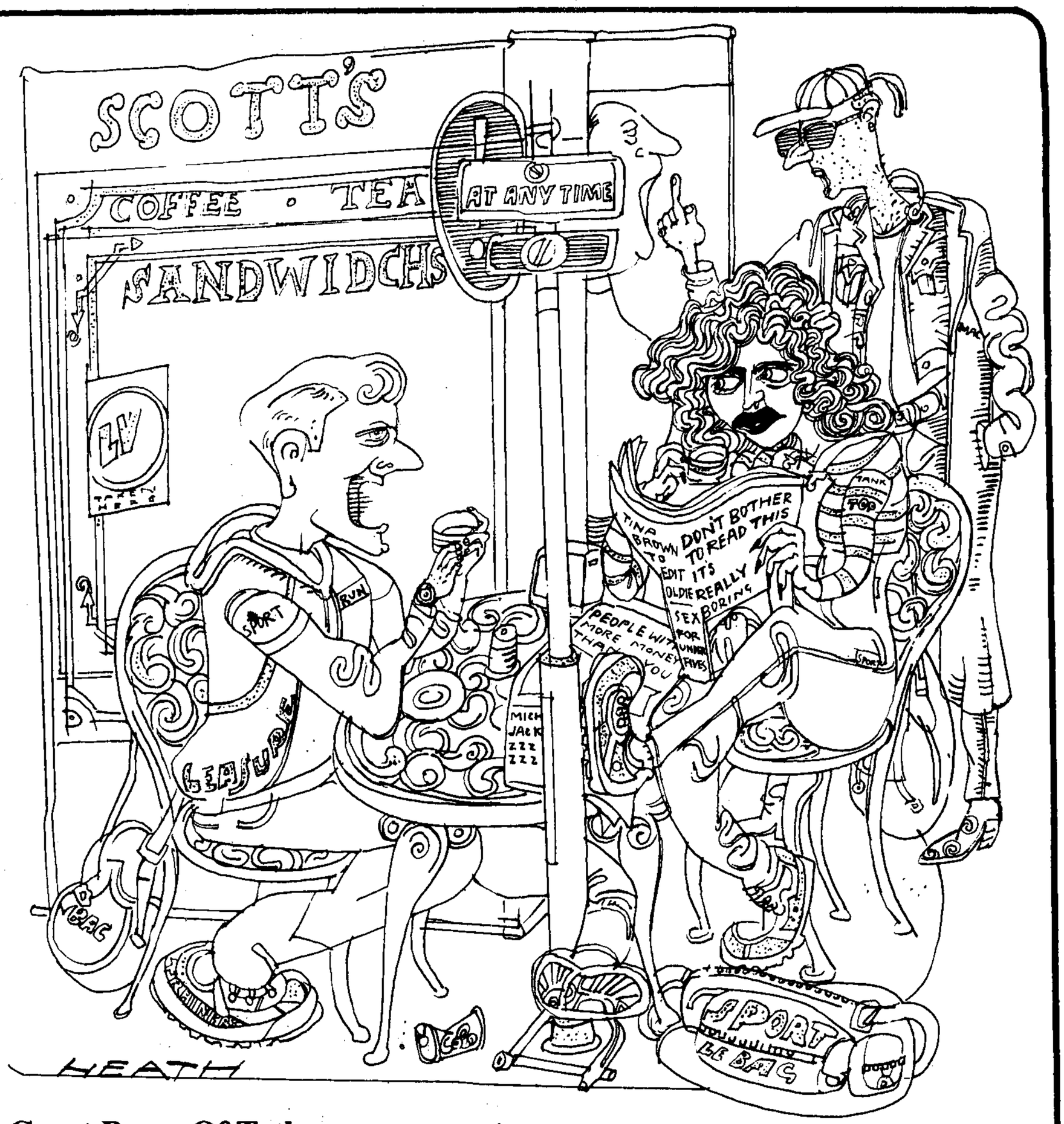
E.J. Thribb (17½)

THE ALTERNATIVE VOICE

Every week a well-known feminist gives the woman's point of view on an issue of topical importance.

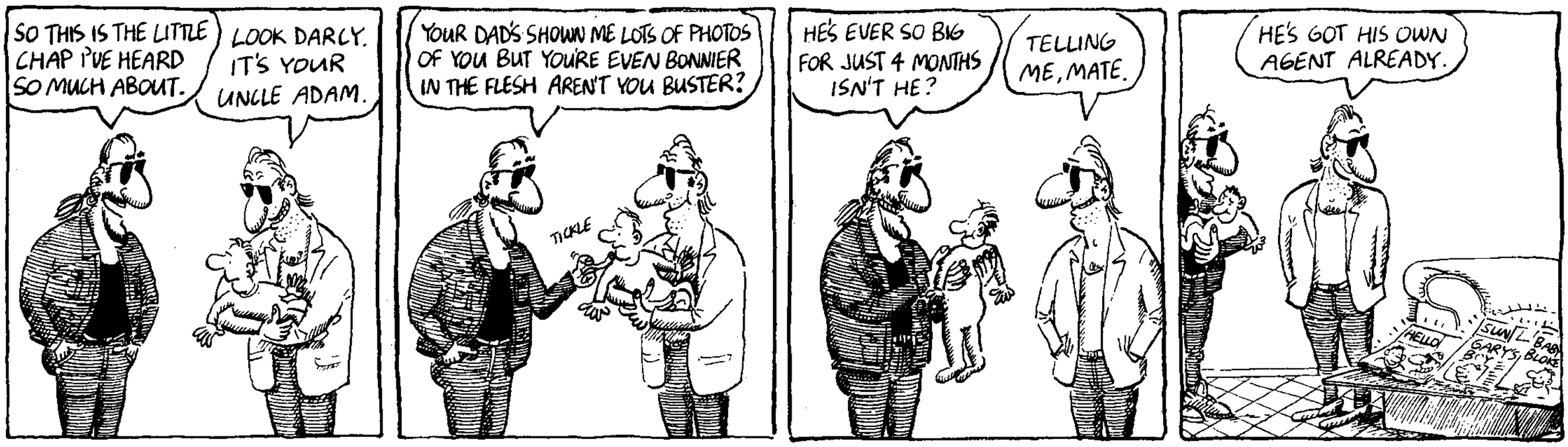
This Week: **Lord Rees Spart**, Chair of the Hinton Blewitt Action Committee Against Male-Dominated Phallocentric Broadcasting

Once again the male-dominated media have demonstrated their cynical and total contempt for over 50% of the population, i.e. women, by explicitly exploiting female sexuality in order to boost male ratings, i.e. the notorious rape-scene in Melvyn Bragg's *A Time To Cash In,* **in which explicit and graphic scenes were shown, intended to demean and assault women in their homes in order to titillate the masturbatory middle-aged male fantasies of men such as, er, the notorious scene in Melvyn Bragg's** *A Time To Rape* **which to my mind was no more than a cynical attempt to** *(That's enough Deirdre Mogg, Ed.)*



Great Bores Of Today.

"... I think it's terrible ten million pounds down the drain and they built this whole village and all the actors and everyone have to live there all year and they're useless even the one I used to like in *Casualty*. I'm sorry for him really the scripts are diabolical and look at the competition I mean compared to *Brookside* the *Street* even *The Archers* it's just nowhere let's face it the idea's out of date already nobody goes down to Spain any more half those hotels are empty the BBC is throwing away our licence fee on this rubbish you'd think with AIDS and everything they'd show a bit of restraint it's all bonking it's so eighties the characters are unbelievable they're literally incredible I mean when Lizzie Archer got pregnant by Cameron it was a real event affecting all of us and that's when soap really works at that level it is a genuine art form but this *Eldorado* I can't see it lasting mind you they said *Coronation Street* wouldn't survive and *Neighbours* no one thought that would make it no it'll probably pick up I'll keep with it see yesterday's ...?"


SO THIS IS THE LITTLE CHAP I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.
LOOK DARLY. IT'S YOUR UNCLE ADAM.
YOUR DAD'S SHOWN ME LOTS OF PHOTOS OF YOU BUT YOU'RE EVEN BONNIER IN THE FLESH AREN'T YOU BUSTER?
TICKLE
HE'S EVER SO BIG FOR JUST 4 MONTHS ISN'T HE?
TELLING ME, MATE.
HE'S GOT HIS OWN AGENT ALREADY.
HELLO!
SUN
GARY'S BOY
BABY BLOKE

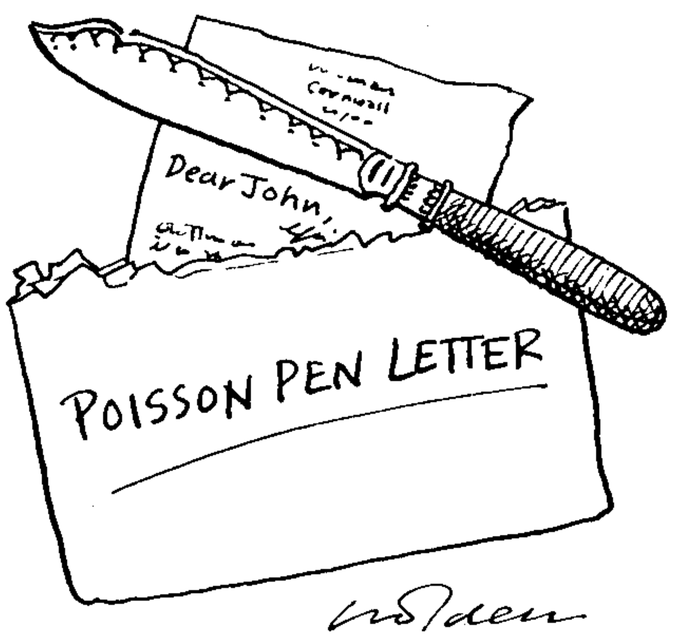
The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

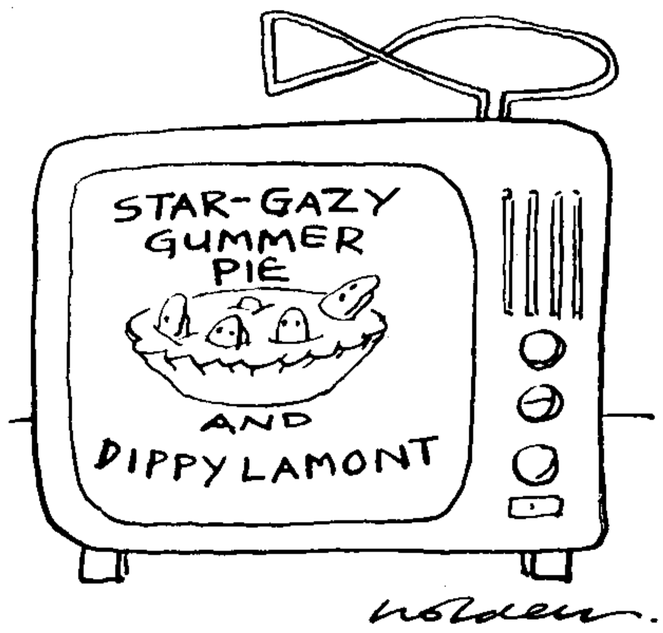
Today I saw off Mrs Thatcher for good! I was in the House of Commons, and someone asked whether we should have a referendum, as Mrs Thatcher had suggested. Luckily I knew this question was coming, so I was able to stand up with my MCC ring-binder fully open, and read out what my researchers had dug up. This was a brilliant quote from what Mrs Thatcher had said in 1971: "A referendum is a nasty foreign idea which was invented by Hitler and Mussolini." There was complete silence. The whole House was stunned by how clever I was to have discovered this quote. I looked round with my special triumphant smile to where Mrs Thatcher sits, but unfortunately she wasn't there. How typical of her not to want to face the music.

Tuesday

This morning my wife Norman put five mackerel on top of my Weetabix. Apparently someone had left several hundred fish on our front doorstep. There was a note from some Cornish fishermen, saying "We have had enough." It is very kind of them to give me what they had left over. Obviously the



fishing industry is doing very well to catch so many fish. Clearly the recovery has started! Later we saw on the TV news, after our fish supper, thousands of fishermen shouting "Down with Gummer!" Clearly, in my judgement, poor Mr Gummer is considerably unpopular for some reason. I doubt whether he will be getting any free fish!



Wednesday

Mackerel and muesli is an interesting combination! That is what we had for breakfast. I mentioned it to Mrs Bottomley in our Cabinet meeting. She was very excited to hear that we had adopted such a healthy life-style. "You must have been reading my new White Paper," she said. "Surely you mean your Whiting Paper," said Mr Mellor, quick as a flash. There is no doubt he is a considerably funny man! We then discussed Mrs Bottomley's exciting plan to make everyone in Britain so healthy by the year 2000 that we can close down the Health Service. However Mr Lamont's thoughts seem to be still running on the fish issue, as he asked Mrs Bottomley whether she had any fishnets. Everyone laughed, even Mr Waldegrave who had brought in some fish fingers for our elevenses.

Thursday

Thankfully we had white sausages for lunch today instead of whiting! That is because Mr Hurd and I have had to go to Germany for our first World Summit since last week. Everyone was there — Mr Bush, Mr Kohl, Mr Mitterand, and even Mr Gorbachev, who seems to be wearing a wig these days to cover up that mark on his head, and has changed his name to Yeltsin. It seems that the whole world is having a very bad recession and in some places, like Russia, there is not even enough to eat. I suggested that perhaps fish was the solution. We have plenty in England, more than enough to go round, but Mr Hurd gave a little cough when I said this and changed the subject to GATT.

I told them all that he had been banned for going to South Africa, but now was the time to let him play for England again. Mr Hurd kicked me under the table, and the meeting seemed to come to a rather sudden end.

Friday

I am getting very considerably annoyed by the way in which the newspapers misrepresent me. For example, today they all say that our summit conference achieved nothing, and in particular that I had no ideas to put forward. What about my fish initiative, and my Gatting idea? No, they are all too busy sucking up to Mrs Thatcher or Lady Thatcher as she now likes to be called. Her ideas are totally ridiculous — e.g. her plan to end the recession by cutting rates. If she thought that was such a good idea, why didn't she do it herself when I was Chancellor?

Saturday

Yet again Lady You-know-who has made a big mistake. Her latest display of lack of judgement was a speech at a private dinner calling for a cut in interest rates.

This proves yet again that the press must be curbed as it is inexcusable to report a private matter about the economy on the front pages. I told Mr Waldegrave to add a new clause to the citizens charter which would give Mrs Thatcher the right to make important speeches in complete privacy.

Anyway, Norma Lamont assured me in our cabinet meeting that there will be no lowering of interest rates whilst I am Prime Minister. Mr Waldegrave then sniggered for some reason. I then told them in my very stern voice that *I* would decide when it was prudent to lower interest rates, not Mrs Thatcher, and should I decide so to do it would be my decision alone and not Mrs Thatcher's. They all laughed, which I thought was very fishy indeed.

TV HIGHLIGHTS

HURD AND MAJOR

by P. G. Wodehouse

(Jazzy music)

MAJOR *(looking up from Daily Telegraph):* I say, Hurd, this Mitterrand bean has made a bit of a splash, what? Hopped over to jolly old Sarawhatsit and sorted it all out in a dose of shakes.

HURD *(pressing pair of grey evening trousers):* Indeed, sir, it would appear that the French President has enjoyed a degree of success in his much-publicised intervention in the affairs of that unhappy region of the former Yugoslav Republic.

MAJOR: And, what's more, Hurd, our chum Bush from over the herring pond seems to have got in on the act too.

HURD: It would appear so, sir. I gather that the American people are most distressed by the plight of the unfortunate Bosnians, and would react very favourably if their President could be seen to be taking some dramatic remedial action.

MAJOR: Gung-ho for Brother Bush, what!

HURD *(burning hole in trousers with iron):* Not exactly, sir.

MAJOR: What do you mean, Hurd? Have you got some devilishly clever scheme for me up your sleeve?

HURD: Indeed I have, sir.

MAJOR: Spit it out then.

HURD *(hanging up trousers with hole in them):* Having weighed the matter with some care, sir, my recommendation is that, rather than emulate the intemperate actions of the other world leaders, your own approach to this unhappy business should be, dare I say?, something more original.

MAJOR: Spill the beans, Hurd. What am I going to do?

HURD: Nothing, sir.

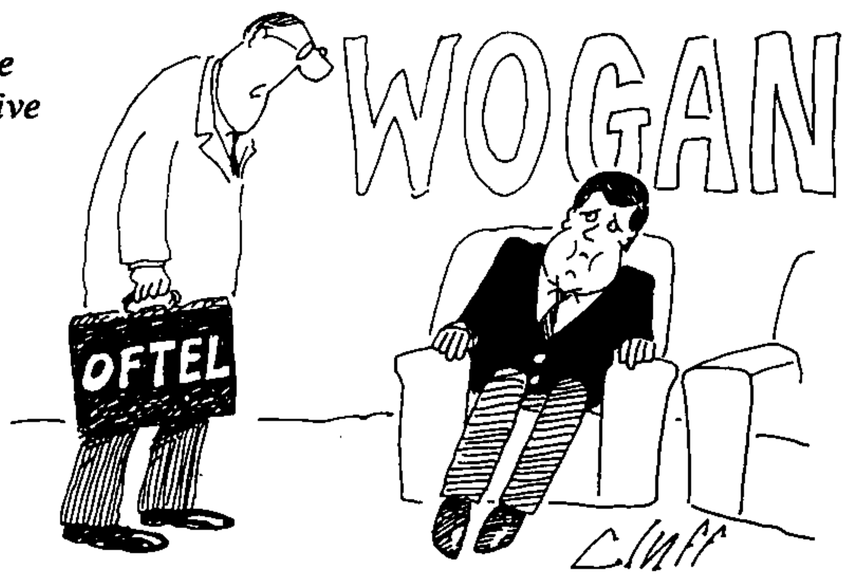
MAJOR: What? Nothing at all?

HURD: Precisely, sir.

MAJOR: Why didn't I think of that? You're a genius, Hurd! Must be all that fish you eat.

(Major sits down at piano and starts to play 'Yes, Serb, That's My Baby You're Shooting')

"We feel you're making excessive profits"



HOW IT WILL LOOK

August 1992

THE NUDE YORKER

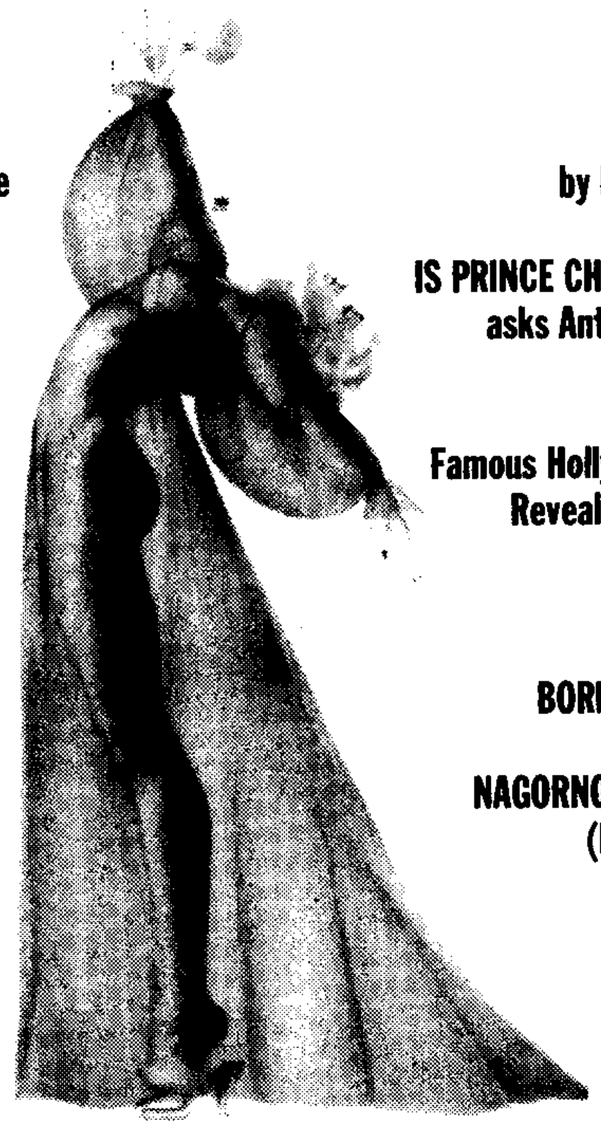
Edited by Tina Brown

SHORT STORY by Sylvester Stallone

Ivana Trump's CARTOON CHOICE

IN FASHION with Arnold Schwarzenegger

GREAT HOTELS OF THE WORLD WHICH TINA AND I HAVE HAD A FREEBIE IN by Harold Evans (former Editor of the London Times)



BOOKS by Demi Moore

IS PRINCE CHARLES GAY? asks Antonia Holden

IN BRIEFS Famous Hollywood Stars Reveal (Nearly) All

PUNS

BORING SERIOUS PIECE ON NAGORNO-KARABACH (held over till next issue)

ISSN 0032-885X

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GARRICK TO REMAIN BORES ONLY

by Our Clubland Staff **Quentin Lettsmakeupastory**

MEMBERS of the Garrick Club yesterday voted overwhelmingly by 396 to 0 to continue the Club's 178-year-old tradition as an all-bore preserve.

This spells the end for a recent campaign to allow non-bores into the club for the first time. Said a jubilant Sir Kingsley Bore, 85, who led the traditionalist opposition to the scheme: "This club was founded as a place where bores could meet each other and bore each other to death, if they felt like it. I am delighted that my fellow-members have been sensible enough to keep it that way."

Z-z-z-z

The well-known actor "Sir" Donald Bore was another who welcomed the landslide "no" vote. "It is not that we are against interesting people. It's just that we don't want to meet them here for lunch."

Sir Peregrine Boresthorne then woke up from his corner chair to point out in his typically controversial way that non-bores were already allowed in once a month, on the Non-Bore Guest Night, when the small dining room is made available for half an hour.

"With all the changes that have taken place in the modern world," said the silver-haired old crasher, "it is reassuring to know that there is one place left where you can be absolutely certain that you will meet nobody but a bore."

How they voted

Against: **Sir Robin Bore, Mr Alan Watbores, Mr Geoffrey Wheatbore, Sir Louis Bore-Cooper QC, John Bortimer QC, Mr Melvyn Bore, Mr Giles Bordon** *(That's enough bores, Ed.)*

WOMAN IN NEW YORK GETS NEW JOB

by Our-British-Women-Are-Taking-Over-New-York-Staff
Antonia Holden-Guest

New York, Tuesday

TODAY in the Big Apple there was only one topic of conversation. From the joggers in Central Park to the muggers on the Harlem subway, they were all talking about only one thing — this woman from Britain was changing jobs again.

WHO CARES?

Said typical, tough-talking, hard-hatted Bronx crack dealer, Arnie Goodmanburger, 47: "It sure is a crazy world. You wake up one morning, and this woman's got a new job. Beat that mister!"

SO WHAT?

Everywhere the story was the same, from the briefcase-carrying long bond hustlers on the dealing floor at Goldman Sachs to the fur-coated matrons eating their Wallflower Spinach sandwiches in Moloney's Irish on the corner of 5th and 78th *(contd. 94th Street).*

That Garrick Club Lunch Menu in full

Potage Bonne Femme (off)
Croque Madame (off)

— ❋ —

Pizza Margarita (off)
or
Steak Diane (off)
Lamb with Rosemary (no Rosemary)

Served with:
Ladies' Fingers, Duchess Potatoes and Broad Beans (all off)

— ❋ —

Not from the Sweet Trolley
Queen of Puddings, Apple Charlotte, Knickerbocker Glory, Crêpes Suzettes, Joan Bakewell Tart

— ❋ —

Not to drink
Blue Nun, Mumm, Sherry

— ❋ —

Cigars
Romeo (but not y Julietta)

© *Garrick Club*

"Come on in. We haven't got down to the bullshit yet, we're still only talking bullshitese..."

A Dentist writes

As a dentist, I am often asked: "Please can you fit me in, I've got a terrible toothache?"

The short answer is: "Yes, but only if you're private."

What normally happens is that the patient offers a large fee or *Visa amex mastercardus normalis*, to give it the full medical name, and the dentist then proceeds with the treatment.

If you are worried about dental treatment, make sure you're not on the NHS.

© *A Dentist*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

It's not cricket

by Imran Khantwrite

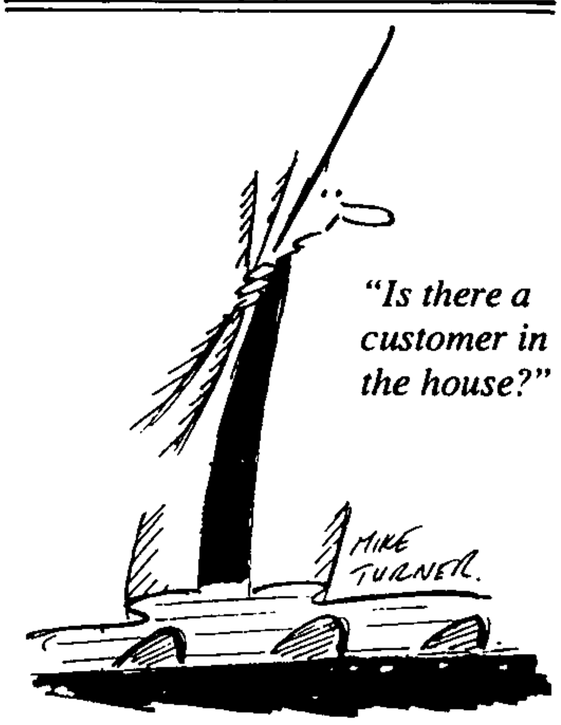
THERE was absolutely no excuse whatsoever for the Pakistani players shouting abuse at the umpire during the third Test Match. The umpire's decision is always final, and players should treat him with respect at all times. If our captain Javed Miandad had any grievance, he should have raised it privately after play was over.

But, frankly, umpire Palmer's behaviour was quite disgraceful to my mind. Did you see the way he handed back that sweater to poor Aqib Javed, without even a smile or a friendly pat on the shoulder?

I mean, all that Aqib had done was bowl a few bouncers when Palmer had asked him not to. And, anyway, if the English batsmen haven't got the bottle to stand there while our lads chuck it down at them, then they are just a lot of lily-livered little white poofs, like Devon Malcolm, and they should take up another sport like croquet.

As for the racist umpire Palmer, he should be strung up. It is the only language people like him understand.

© *Tariq Ali. Cab No. 505-9 (dec).*



CHRIS PATTEN'S SHOCK PLAN TO BRING HONG KONG TO DEMOCRACY BY 1997 — IN FULL

What he will do:

1. Nothing
2. Er...
3. That's it.

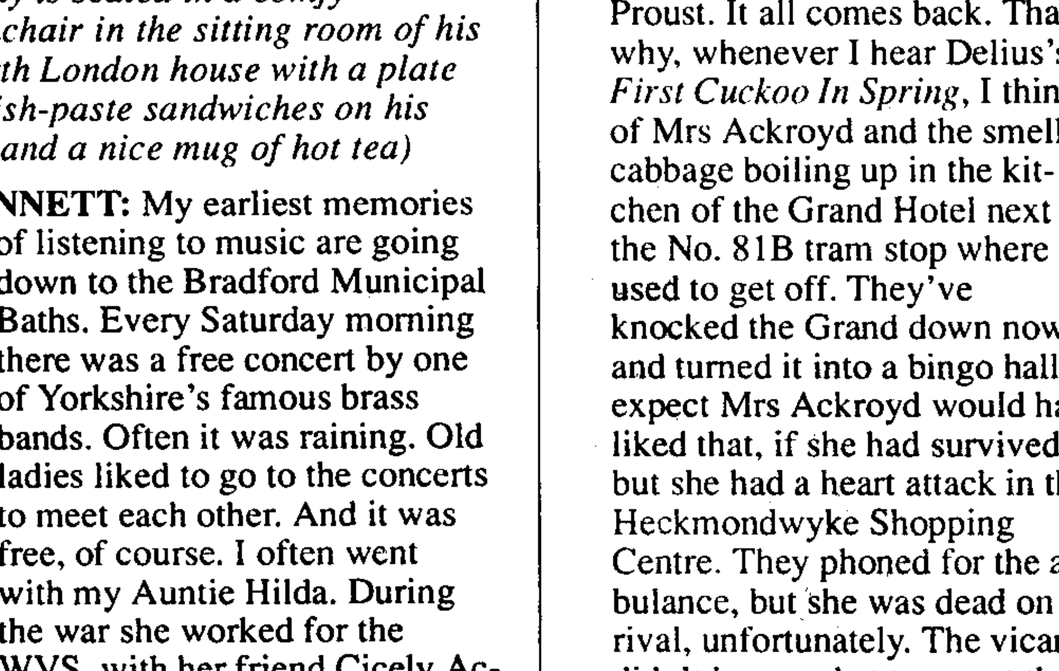
BBC-2 Sunday 7pm-12.30am

To introduce a seven-month season of his plays, Britain's most brilliant playwright **Alan Bennett** reminisces about some of his favourite old TV programmes.

(Elderly bachelor in woolly cardy is seated in a comfy armchair in the sitting room of his North London house with a plate of fish-paste sandwiches on his lap and a nice mug of hot tea)

BENNETT: My earliest memories of listening to music are going down to the Bradford Municipal Baths. Every Saturday morning there was a free concert by one of Yorkshire's famous brass bands. Often it was raining. Old ladies liked to go to the concerts to meet each other. And it was free, of course. I often went with my Auntie Hilda. During the war she worked for the WVS, with her friend Cicely Ackroyd. Cicely helped out in Woolworth's and she always used to bring along a paper bag full of broken biscuits. I particularly remember the ones that had crispy chocolate on one side and a sort of gingery coating on the other. I was reminded of the taste of those biscuits when I was writing my play about Proust. It all comes back. That's why, whenever I hear Delius's *A First Cuckoo In Spring*, I think of Mrs Ackroyd and the smell of cabbage boiling up in the kitchen of the Grand Hotel next to the No. 81B tram stop where we used to get off. They've knocked the Grand down now, and turned it into a bingo hall. I expect Mrs Ackroyd would have liked that, if she had survived, but she had a heart attack in the Heckmondwyke Shopping Centre. They phoned for the ambulance, but she was dead on arrival, unfortunately. The vicar didn't know what to say at the service, since he didn't even know her. She was a Methodist.

(Old gentleman continues in similar vein for several hours, while viewers go down the video shop to ask if BASIC INSTINCT *has come in yet)*



"And, finally, Mr Dumpty — do you want to be poached or fried?"

POETRY CORNER

Lines Written On The Retirement Of Mr Terence Wogan From His Popular Discussion Programme

by The Poet Laureate
Ted Whohes

Old Tel. Eyes vacant.
Stares at autocue.
Brain dead. Old Tel sweats.
Audience cheers.
Tel reads. "Hullo." Silence.
Mouth open. Jaw drops. Hand
On Knee.
Old Tel washed up.

NEXT WEEK: Teldorado

New from Gnome-Virgin

SPECIAL VERY CD OFFER

THE INTEREST RATE ADDRESS

Now at last you can listen in the privacy of your own home to this CD recording of The Lady Thatcher of Getseven reading her historic July 1992 appeal for a reduction in interest rates, to the backing of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony.

Only £14.99

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

DURING his interview, Mr Orville Hessler said: "The belief that spiders do not wish to communicate is false. For many years I have owned jumping spiders. I pop my eyes, and, with my fingers waggling beneath my nose, make leaping motions with my head. They always respond. Little Pickle, my favourite, regularly answers my call — right hand raised in a Churchillian V-for-Victory gesture — from as far away a 30 feet. Then she climbs onto my nose and peers into my eyes for several minutes."

"*I HAVE always wanted to serve the people," said Mr Karcag Olomon, once Sports Officer for the Tena Regional Communist Party (Slovakia) and now manager of the Happy House, a sex and peep show parlour in Mem. "We have a good stock of pornographic literature in our Reading Room, and I feel that, as we operate from what was the Trade Union House of Culture, most people know where to find us. We offer erotic-massage and rooms for couples. All those who work here are agreed that they are performing a useful public service and that regular entertainment makes for a happy society."*

"I AM afraid I cannot give you any names," said Mrs Amaret Likki, manageress of the Stork Hotel and Sauna, Eldoret, Kenya, "but yesterday morning a man dressed in a red loincloth with a blanket slung over his shoulder and carrying a nine-foot spear came into our restaurant and sat down next to a civil servant who was, at the time, reading a newspaper.

Moments later, a waiter brought the civil servant a cup of tea, ordered before the man with the spear came in. No sooner had the waiter placed the cup on the table than the man with the spear dipped the index finger of his right hand into the tea, licked it with his tongue, and then said: "*Letea mimi kama hii* (Bring me a cup of this delicious tea)." The civil servant got to his feet and said: "Why have you put your finger in my tea?" But the man with the spear just stared straight ahead and said nothing.

By this time about twenty customers had gathered around. Some shook their heads in disbelief. But others urged the civil servant to make the spearman pay for his (the civil servant's) tea. "This is exactly what I am going to do," said the civil servant, as he folded his paper and left the restaurant."

ON HIS statement to the Press Trust of Kerala, Mr Thrissur, a mahout from La, in Karnataka Province, agreed that the elephant "Fizzy" he had been riding became very excited "for no apparent reason and ran for 200 miles with me on his back".

"I managed," he continued, "to snatch bananas and coconuts from the trees as we dashed by. I had my Walkman with me and the music kept me going through the night. Fizzy did not stop once, not even for calls of nature. But normally he is a very good, quiet elephant."

INFORMATION: National Geographic Magazine, Jan. 92; Prague Post 5.5.92; Eldoret Post 21.6.92; Kerala Chronicle 18.5.92. MONITORS: Dennis Doyne, Peter Rutland, Cecily Coates, John Housham.

Britain's Barcelona Hopefuls

Yes! The Olympics are only a week away and Britain is aiming for Gold. Now *Private Eye* brings you the top athletes that are going to take Barcelona by storm and bring home the duty-free *(shurely 'glory'? Ed).*

Synchronised Mixed Frisbee

Husband and wife team **Richard and Judy Sofa** have trained in Long-beach, Los Angeles, for the last two years to prepare themselves for the most rigorous Frisbee event of all. Said Richard: "There is no more demanding sport in the modern Olympics."

Women's 4x400m Egg and Spoon Relay

Cheri Wandulu carries the British women's hopes in this all-important track event. A Labour councillor from Solihull, Cheri took up Egg and Spooning after an injury prevented her qualifying for the Women's Underground Triathlon (Pot-holing, Cave-diving and Live Burial).

Men's 100m Reverse Sprint

Police Cadet **Keith Simple** has already established himself as Britain's top backward sprinter and is undaunted by the Egyptians' traditional domination of the event. "It is a great honour," he said, "to be running backwards for Britain."

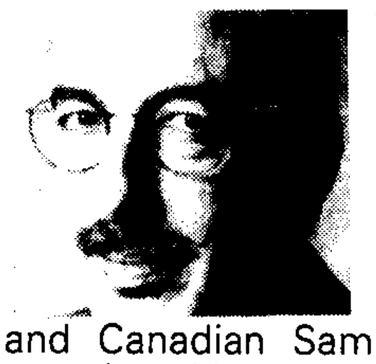
Women's Underground Arm-Wrestling

At 15, **Lizzie McKnuckles** is already seen as the best aquatic pugilist since Algeria's Tracey Al-Wasim retired last year after being killed in the qualifying heats.

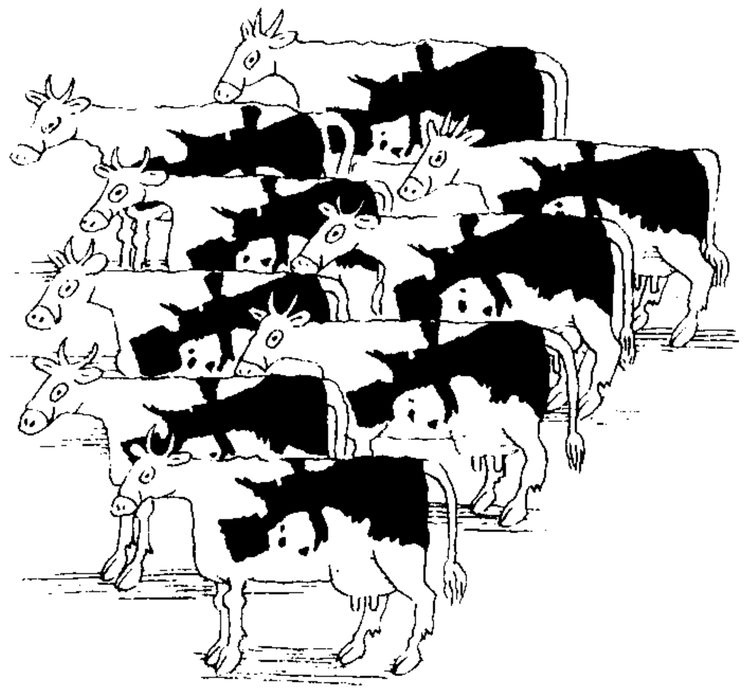
Freestyle Nintendo™

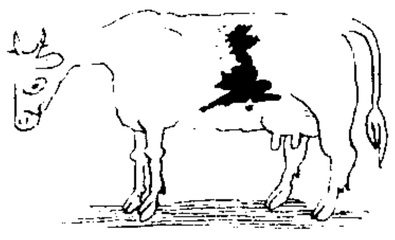
Wayne Anorak is probably Britain's most promising athlete in the Barcelona computer-generated events. A winner of the Allcomers Software Games in South Korea at only five, he won a gold medal at the Romford Virtual Reality Championships early this year and is tipped for glory in Spain.

Men's Distance Spitting



Terry Gobber, 37, is the British record holder with a personal best of 24.4 metres, but already this year the Belgian Jürgen Flemm has notched up a 28.3 and Canadian Sam Spitz has made a massive 29.7, though this was wind-assisted. *(That's enough stupid Olympics, Ed.)*





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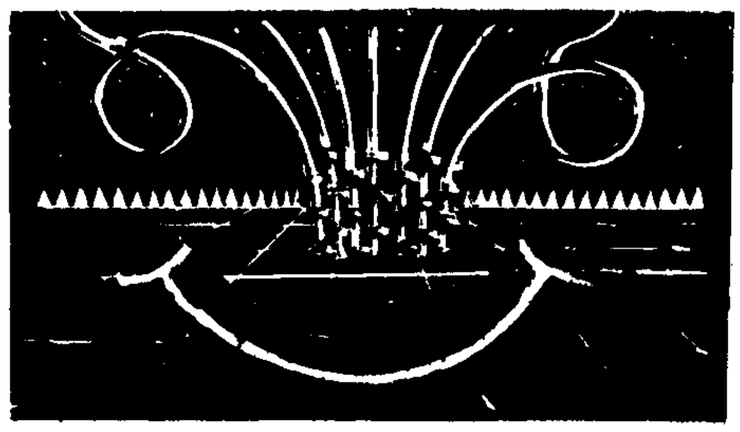
DIARY



ANITA RODDICK

I want to save the world. I'm sorry, but I do. When people the length and breadth of the globe talk endlessly about me and my extraordinary 'Body Shop' vision — and, my god, sometimes I wish they'd talk about something else for a change ! — they never cease to wonder at the full extent of my amazing love for this great planet of ours.

C'mon, they say — surely business is all about profit? No, I reply. It's about one helluva lot more than that.

- It's about distributing our *Honey and Oatmeal Scrub Mask (£6.75)* to the Yanamona rain-forest tribe of Brazil.
- It's about making damned sure that whales, porpoises, dolphins and hundreds of other endangered seafaring mammals are given the fullest possible access to our *Lettuce and Avocado Facial Wash (£4.50).*
- It's about encouraging local communities in Third World countries to utilise their resources to preserve their ancient tribal way of life through constant daily use of our *Peppermint and Strawberry Foot Lotion (£8.95).* That's the Body Shop dream, and it's a dream we want you, the customer, to share.

What I honestly can't understand is why so many people think I'm so marvellous. Here's a big admission — ***most of my ideas aren't my own.*** No — they're borrowed from some great people who shared my vision but for whatever reason couldn't put it into practice. Lovely, caring, *euphoric* people. People like Mahatma Gandhi, Dr Martin Luther King, Albert Einstein, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Pablo Picasso. Yes, these are the true brains behind The Body Shop and, without their intellectual support, I doubt I would ever have succeeded in quite the same way. And that's why it is now our company policy to pay tribute to each of these great figures on selected products in some of the most underprivileged parts of the world. At the moment, our *Dr Martin Luther King Seaweed and Muesli Shampoo and Ankle Rub (£5.50)* is selling magnificently in Ghana, while our *Albert Einstein Cucumber and Butterscotch Hair Gel (£6.75)* is going great guns in Peru. It's my own small way of saying Thanks, Albert and Martin. Thanks for the Dream.

I suppose I could be accused of being a bit of an idealist. It's so important to my whole intricate value-system that we campaign to preserve all the different ancient cultures of our planet, not letting them get washed away by the overpowering multi-nationals, hell-bent on homogenising the world in pursuit of a quick buck. Frankly, it's a message I've been singing from the rooftops of over six hundred Body Shops worldwide. Come and hear the message at your local Body Shop. You can't fail to miss it — from Rio to Rejkavik, all our outlets are painted the same Body Shop green, have the same Body Shop logo and sell all the same Body Shop products in the same refillable Body Shop bottles. With the world currently all at sixes and sevens, it's nice to know The Body Shop is always the same, wherever in the world you may be.

You know, sometimes it makes me laugh to think that here am I, Anita Roddick, just another lovely, soppy old hippy with frizzy hair whose clothes are more often than not a shambles and who regards the world as her family and who brings tremendous love and vivacity to everything she puts her mind to — here am I, the same old Anita, saving the planet from future destruction. Back in 1976, when I opened my first Body Shop, frankly who'd have thought it?

Unlike more conventional businesspersons, I welcome lively discussion and argument from all our resourceful Body Shop staff. I like to drop in on each branch from time to time — just wearing my usual T-shirt and jeans, that's the kind of person I am — and we gather in a circle and then they confront me totally frankly with any complaints and suggestions they might have. They know I welcome criticism, and so they're not afraid to give it — however uncomfortable it might be for me! Believe it or not, they have one recurring complaint, but I'm big enough to take it. "Lovely Anita," they say. "Why the heck don't you take more credit for saving the world? It's simply not fair that you receive so little publicity for the extraordinary work you've done repairing the ozone layer, stopping acid rain and calling a halt to the rain forests! You're a super person, Anita — but we do wish you were more assertive."

Point Taken. But frankly I've always cared more for promoting my vision than for promoting myself. And that's why my current T-shirt campaign:

"Recycle the Tibetan whale"

SAYS ANITA RODDICK OF BODY SHOP

carries the slogan first, and me — Anita Roddick of Body Shop — only second. That way, the real message gets over, loud and clear.

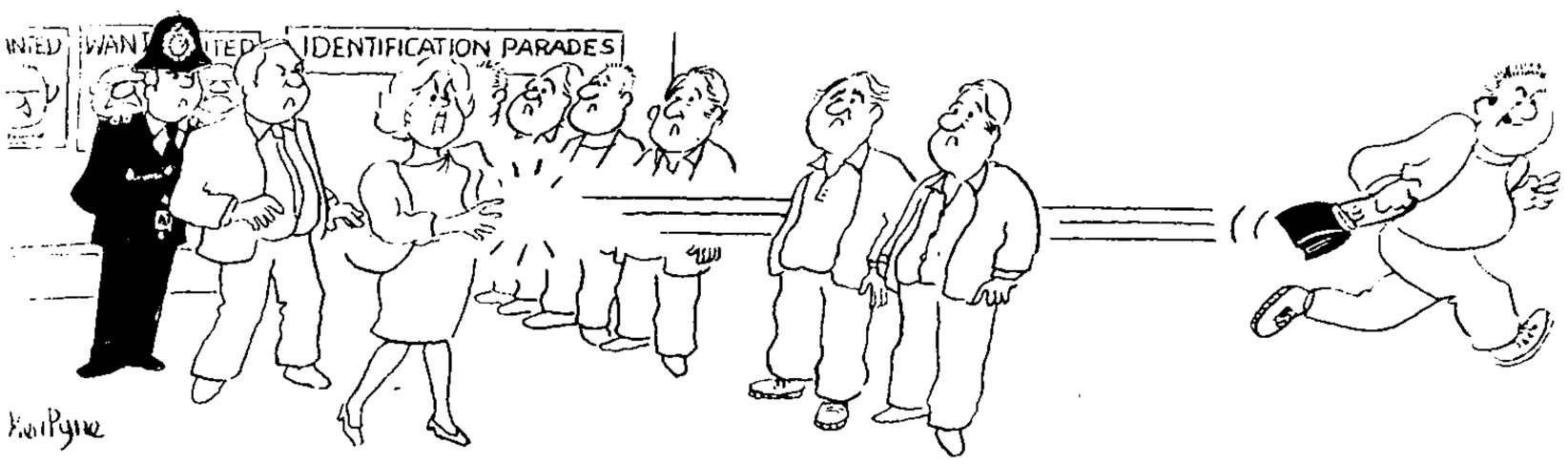
My critics have sometimes attacked me for being a brilliant revolutionary determined to inject my unique personal warmth into the cynical world of big business. I know full well that some of my rivals complain that without any formal business training I have managed to transform the heartless world of big business into a force for love and idealism.

Certainly, I have tried to make The Body Shop not just another brilliantly successful high street store but a centre of education for the propagation of environmental and social ideals. But I would argue that our customers in all our six hundred shops in thirty-seven different countries all love us for it, queuing up for our *Spearmint and Kennomeat Ozone-Free Nose Rub (£4.25)* or our *Wholemeal Pasta and Cream of Tomato Soup Back Rub and Brain Softener (£5.95)*, knowing that, by doing so, they are managing to do their bit to Free Nelson Mandela.

These last few weeks have been terrible for the war-torn people of Sarajevo. Frankly, I admire their guts — and this tribute from a mere woman who, way back in 1976, showed the sheer guts to start the very first Body Shop in Brighton on a shoe-string budget and with a staff of just one (me!). But we in the Body Shop — now over 600 branches strong — don't like to sit idly by. With our customers' help, we're determined to organise a special Body Shop airlift of much-needed supplies to that tragic city. And this is where you, the customer, come in. The poor people of Sarajevo are literally crying out for the following:

- *15,000 bots. Glycerine and Dried Yam Skin Toner (£5.95 each)*
- *19,500 bots. Salt and Vinegar Body-Tuning Massage Cream (£4.25)*
- *32,000 Emergency Prune and Baked Bean Knee-Rub Kits (£5.50)*
- *17,000 bots. 100% Recycled Waste Skincare Syrup (£6.25)*

Come on, save the World. Give us the Money. Love ya! Anita.



North Yorkshire's head of CID operations, Detective Superintendent Ian Peacock, said friction between two residents may have led to the fire being started on the top floor of Selby House in Granby Road, Harrogate.

Yorkshire Evening News

Literary Review

Lowbrow beaten

The Intellectuals and the Masses
John Carey
(Faber & Faber, £14.99)

FROM CULTURE AND THE WORKING CLASSES, *an imaginary Peter-Ackroyd-style symposium involving Professor John Carey, Mr T.S. Eliot and Mr Auberon Waugh:*

CAREY: You see, my point is Tom — I may call you Tom? — that you writer johnnies simply got together and started turning out a lot of highbrow nonsense that ordinary people couldn't understand. You and Mrs Woolf and Lawrence and Forster. Just excluding the man in the street from culture, that's all it amounted to.

ELIOT *(puzzled)*: But the tendency of art is inclusive, surely? The artist may be hieratic, but he seeks to draw his audience nearer towards him, not to push it away.

CAREY: Oh, come on, Tom, leave it out. What about *The Waste Land*, eh? The bit where the crowds flow over London Bridge: "I had not thought death had undone so many". All you're saying there is that all those horrible clerks you and Wells bang on about are spiritually dead.

ELIOT: But I was a clerk. I worked in a bank and I walked over London Bridge. If anyone's spiritual death was being examined, it was my own.

CAREY: Oh let's not get bogged down in details. They made you work in a bank so you hated ordinary people even more.

WAUGH: Personally speaking I find the idea of bank clerks, who are undoubtedly drawn from the lower orders and spend their leisure time drooling over the pornography supplied by your employer's bestial satellite dishes, entirely repugnant. But then I confess that I find the idea of "culture" even more repugnant. To ventilate it merely encourages its practitioners, all of whom were educated at comprehensive schools and subsist on Arts Council largesse, to conceive an inflated idea of their own importance.

ELIOT: You see, Professor? Mr Waugh inclines to the most modern view of all, what I might call the *Daily Telegraph* view. He despises both those above and beneath him with equal vigour.

CAREY: This is scarcely credible. A man who spends his life writing about culture, yet cannot bring himself to take culture seriously.

WAUGH *(benignly)*: If I were to take culture seriously, it would be but a short step to taking myself seriously. Why change the habit of a lifetime?

ELIOT: What we know as "taste" will always be fragmented in an advanced society. Regrettably that fragmentation will occasionally take bizarre forms. Yours is a strangely contemptuous book, professor. Mrs Woolf's imprecations from the lavatory seat, Lawrence's hauteur. Surely criticism is not a matter of personal prejudice?

WAUGH: What? Have I wasted my time, then, these last 30 years?

CAREY: But we are getting away from the point. You see, Tom, writing *The Waste Land* like that, you just made poetry difficult. And then what with Auden and Spender and the rest joining the conspiracy, we had modern poetry and nobody had a clue what it meant.

ELIOT: "Difficult", "conspiracy": these are dangerous words. A poet does not seek to frustrate understanding. Neither — unless he is a very bad poet indeed — does he conspire. A poem is the consequence of an historical process, my dear professor. A tradition and an individual talent, a subject that is not necessarily of the poet's choosing.

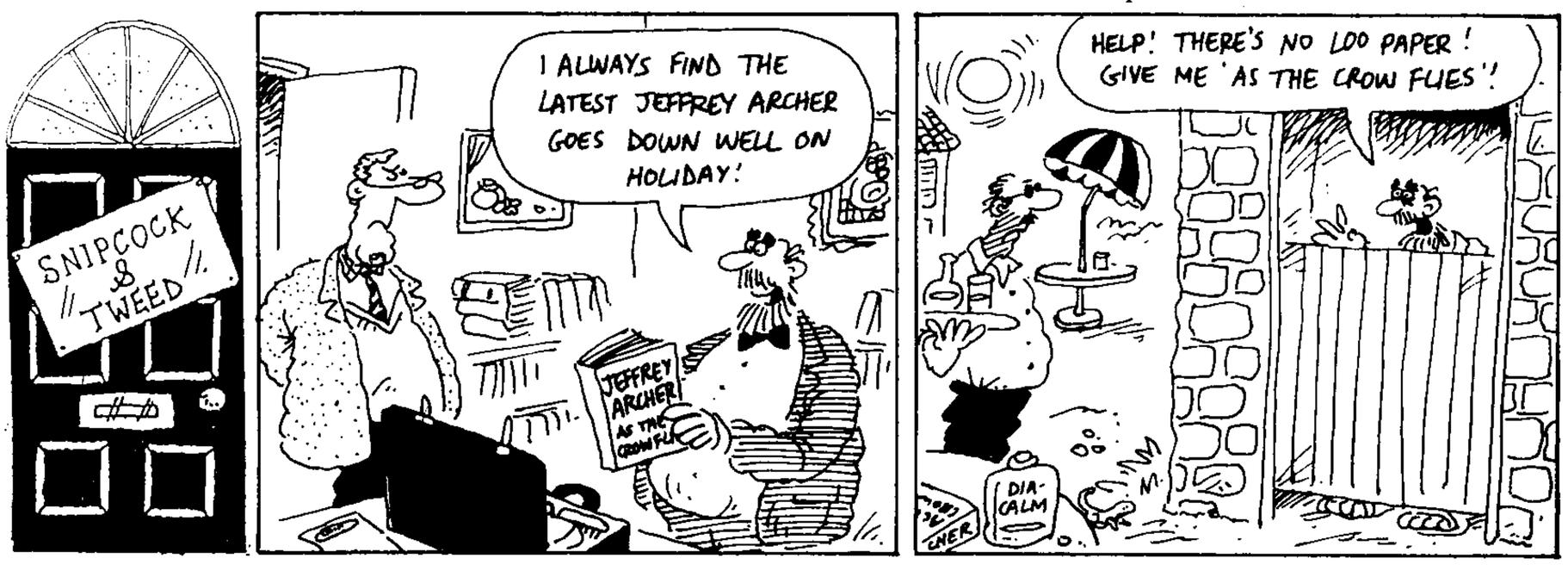
WAUGH: Cats always seemed to me to be a good subject for verse. Horses and dogs, too, if it comes to that. In fact at the *Literary Review* we actively encourage poems on all these themes. And if any come in from half-witted plebeians who can't scan, I take the greatest possible pleasure in tearing them up.

CAREY *(sadly)*: Mr Wood in the *Guardian* says that I approach vulgarity. Is this true?

ELIOT: What could be more vulgar than to write for a Sunday newspaper? One either flatters the mob or condescends to it. No, you have simply confused art with the personal inadequacies of the artist.

CAREY: Your detachment appals me.

ELIOT: Naturally. But I shrink from emulating your reviewers. After all, no one should confuse criticism with the personal inadequacies of the critic.


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I ALWAYS FIND THE LATEST JEFFREY ARCHER GOES DOWN WELL ON HOLIDAY!
JEFFREY ARCHER
HELP! THERE'S NO LOO PAPER! GIVE ME 'AS THE CROW FLIES'!
DIA-CALM

Books & Bookmen

☐ THE Prince of Wales must have been gratified that horse-riding Britophile Michael Korda (whose own last book suggested that Laurence Olivier and Danny "O!" Kaye had a fling) kindly agreed at Simon & Schuster to publish Charles's exciting book about Highrove and 10 years of organic farming.

It must be reassuring to the prince to know that he will be published stateside by the same imprint that saw the merit in Fergiana's considered tomes about a helicopter called Budgie. But Charles will be even more delighted to learn that Simon & Schuster, clearly a big royal fan, has just released a title over there called, er, *Diana: Her True Story*, **by one Andrew Morton.**

In its first week of publication in America, the "biography" immediately went to the top of the bestseller list and, in six impressions, has topped 500,000 copies. Will *Highgrove: Portrait of an Estate* **notch up similar figures? Probably not.**

Meanwhile the thrice-married American Michael O'Mara, onlie begetter of the Morton tome, has confided to friends that he believes the book he is planning to publish next, an anthology of stories about teddy bears, will, because of its charm, reinstate him in the affections of the royal family.

■ TERRY MAHER of Pentos has been opening more and more Dillons across the country as if giving the lie to the fact that no one, or hardly anyone, buys, you know, *books* any more.

Maher, having turned his flagship Hatchards, Piccadilly, into a downmarket version of what it was when owned by HaperCollins (*sic*), had only card left to play — his appeal to the European court and his belief that the court would decide that the net book agreement, so beloved of the stuffy in the trade which Maher had challenged, was illegal. And so it has come to pass, as it was bound to.

☐ *POOR garrulous Nick Hearn, wandering publisher of theatre books has once again been asked to take up his imprint and walk.*

Hern the Hunter began with Methuen; then, after Harold Pinter refused his blandishments, decamped to the despotic umbrella of Sebastian Walker; then to the more laidback parasol of Anthony Cheetham's Random Century. Poor Nick has now been given his marching orders by Cheetham's successors, Gail Rebuck.

So Hern has sent out a begging letter, asking for contributions towards the £315,000 he needs to start again. He clearly believes in his destiny. "I expect that, like me, you feel a dreadful sense of weariness at having to go through it all again," confides Nick honestly. "Let me thank everyone for their loyalty to the list thus far, and apologise for putting that loyalty to yet another test."

■ MEANWHILE Gail Rebuck's interior designer husband, Philip Gould — he of President Kinnock's Wagnerian night in Sheffield — devised the staging for his wife's rallying call at Rebuck House, Vauxhall Bridge Road last week.

Yet another weary reshuffle of tired Random House executives (as is traditional in these beanfeasts, David Crane was promoted even higher) was undertaken as an alternative strategy to proper publishing.

The same old faces have new titles; 10 salaries will be saved; and fewer books will be sold.

'Bookworm'

ARMS

Salesman of the Century?

HOW is it that James Guerin, former deputy chairman of Ferranti, has been convicted and sent to prison for 15 years for what was alleged to have been a massive fraud in Britain which not a single other person appears to have known about?

The serious fraud office (SFO) says it has made "the most thorough inquiries" and indicates that not one of the enormous number of people associated with Guerin's British firms, ISC and ESI, nor anyone in Ferranti is going to be charged with anything.

Guerin is alleged to have fooled Ferranti into believing that he had an arms business very much more enormous than it was. He is said to have "made up" all sorts of contracts which he didn't have. As a singlehanded effort, this would have been remarkable enough in the ordinary run of business dealings; in the arms trade, which requires government approval for every major transaction, it was impossible. What really happened?

One possibility is that the Guerin fraud was ludicrously exaggerated and that Guerin, probably with his agreement, was sacrificed so that no more questions should be asked. (Guerin will certainly not serve even a substantial part of his 15 years. He was spoken for by a top CIA official as a "patriot" and US patriots — remember Oliver North? — don't usually spend too much time in prison.)

If hundreds of millions of pounds went into a black hole just because Guerin was a trickster, no one need ask any more questions. No one need inquire, for instance, why Guerin's firms were so close to the British and American industrial and military establishments; and whether they formed the basis of the secret but extensive conspiracy to export arms to Iran, and especially Iraq, when there were government embargoes banning such exports.

The embargo in the US was much more strict than in Britain. The Israeli lobby in the US had ensured that no one could export arms to any of the Arab countries — Saudi Arabia, Jordan, the Gulf states — which might then pass the arms on to Iraq. This was probably the main reason for the 1967 merger between Ferranti, a good old blue-blooded English arms firm, and Guerin's ISC. From his comfortable new British base, Guerin could much more easily indulge his passion for selling arms to Arab countries (and thence to Iraq).

A good example of what went on was provided in the evidence submitted to the Commons trade and industry select committee in September last year by Gerald James, former chairman of the arms company, Astra.

"Astra under my chairmanship was asked by Ferranti to fill a large stand-off bomb for Abu Dhabi. It was clear that this weapon was not for Abu Dhabi as that country had no aircraft capable of carrying it. This weapon was to be filled for Ferranti's ISC subsidiary in the UK. It was an ISC weapon. It was what is termed a 'Paveway' bomb and could not have been exported without US and United Kingdom government approval. Clearly, Ferranti had such approval. The Paveway had a nuclear version but we were asked to quote for filling the high explosive version. The price quoted by Astra, although very competitive, was still too high for Ferranti who decided to have their weapons filled by a small relatively unknown company, Explosives Developments Ltd."

Explosives Developments had bought an old fireworks factory at Sanquhar in Scotland. Another firm based in Scotland which had close associations with Ferranti/ISC and which was also making arms for export to the Middle East was Allivane International. Mysteriously, many of the large number of licences and storage documents from the British government to Allivane were addressed to Allivane International Group Ltd, which did not exist.

What happened to the fuses, charges, bombs and other ammunition made and filled by a considerable network of such companies is unlikely ever to be known. Whenever new light seems to be shed on these matters, darkness is quickly ensured. For instance, when two former directors of Allivane appeared earlier this year at Reading crown court on charges brought by Customs of illegal arms exports to Iraq, they threatened to subpoena government officials and ask them about government permissions for such exports. Quick as a flash the serious charges were dropped and the men pleaded guilty to relatively minor charges. Judge Spence made some nice comments about their patriotism and they left the court with suspended sentences.

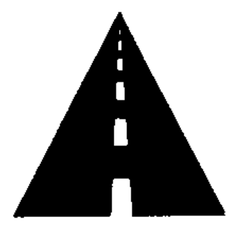
Allivane International (aka Aero Technologies) called in receivers in April 1989, a bad year for the network of British companies which had grown up to feed the voracious appetite for arms of Saddam Hussein. His previous ability to pay on the nail started to falter. Military strategists in Britain and the US started to worry about the military monster which was being created in Baghdad. The orders started to dry up.

The companies which had been formed for this one purpose were all in trouble. A vast hole began to appear in the order books. ISC, which had come to rely almost entirely on the Iraqi dictator, was the worst hit. By the middle of that year, it too was bust and apparently dragging its prestigious British parent down the drain with it.

How to explain the gaping hole left by Saddam's continuing demise, the Gulf War and the consequent total embargo on Iraq? How better than the prosecution of a single patriotic crook who, if he's treated properly, promises to keep quiet about what was really going on, and in the process to save many famous faces on both sides of the Atlantic?

TRANSPORT

Bypass the bypass operation



THE department of transport may have spent £150,000 to move a colony of 250 great crested newts — £600 a newt — to sweeten its case for a new bypass in Norfolk, but that was not enough to impress a high court judge.

The ministry was proud of what it had done in moving the newts (also known as salamanders) and the mound of grassland on which they lived, in anticipation of the case. And, it should be said, the ministry won judgement on one point. The high court ruled against what Mr Justice McCullough called a "frivolous, vexatious" act by 600 protesters who each bought up a square metre plot on the planned route in the hope of forcing the DoT to deal with them one by one.

But he then found *for* the protesters on another significant point: that the local mayor had misled a public inquiry by claiming that his council did not oppose the transport department's route. It did. And the judge gave the protesters — led by Friends of the Earth — permission to pursue their case on that very point in the high court. The road thus stays unbuilt and the newts could have been left alone to do whatever it is newts do.

This episode has been particularly embarrassing for the local MP, one John MacGregor. He also happens to be the minister of transport and is known to be livid over what is going on in his South Norfolk constituency.

The route is designed to avoid the town of Wymondham (pronounced Wind'em) on the A11. A bypass was built in 1971 but now the DoT wants to bypass the bypass to accommodate the extra traffic which the first bypass has attracted. The local FoE campaigner, Denise Carlo, proposed an alternative route which would have avoided the newts and have been only a few metres away from the proposed line, but officialdom was determined to prove that it knew best.

It showed no interest in the alternative route presented by Ms Carlo. In consequence, the uproar has dragged on since 1988 and a new round of appeals is in the offing. The legal fees are mounting and now reach tens of thousands (plus £150,000 for the newts' removal costs).

POLICE 5

Pearl before swine

THE long-delayed conclusion to the trial of self-confessed crack dealer Pearl Cameron at Snaresbrook's court number nine last week had all the signs of a stitch-up.

Police officers, court clerks and lawyers from the crown prosecution service and defence teams all seemed keen to minimise the "media fall-out" from the lenient sentences imposed on Pearl and her 19-year-old son, Marlon, for conspiracy to supply class A drugs.

The "shop" run by Cameron from the kitchen window of her house in Hackney's Sandringham Road, where up to 120 people a day bought the drug, is at the centre of the massive corruption scandal at north London's Stoke Newington "supernick" (see last *Eye*). Twenty-seven disciplinary notices have been issued at the station, two officers have been suspended and eight have been moved elsewhere while Knacker's anti-corruption squad, CIB2, looks into the allegations under the codename Operation Jackpot.

High on CIB2's list are questions about the conduct of another operation, Operation Cancer, the codename for the surveillance of Pearl Cameron's "crackshop".

Two "Cancer" officers, "moved to preserve public confidence" were cross-examined before the jury about their dealings with an officer "X". DC Bernard Gillan admitted that he had discussed the surveillance with Officer "X", although the latter officer had no role in the operation.

Then the officer in charge of "Cancer", Det Sergeant Robert Whatton, gave even more interesting evidence. He recalled that Officer "X" had been in charge of Cameron's case following her arrest in September 1989 for possession of cocaine, when she had been released with a caution. Five days before the raid that completed Operation Cancer, Whatton told the jury, he and Officer "X" had visited Cameron's house, although neither of them made any official record of the trip.

Unfortunately at this point his evidence became a little *too* interesting and the trial judge sent the jury out and subsequently made an order banning any reporting of the proceedings when the jury was absent.

But the evidence that Whatton had given in open court lent much of the defence counsel's mitigation speech for Pearl Cameron the air of an elaborate charade. The dozen-plus journalists from the local and national media — ironically filling the jury box at the packed court — dutifully wrote down the defence counsel's references to a mysterious "Officer X", although everyone present knew his identity.

The defence counsel then came up with a series of allegations against officer "X" which the *Eye* cannot report, so as to comply with the judge's order.

While the absurdity of this situation was not lost on everyone, most observers managed to miss the really important features of the mitigation speech. Firstly it was — if not actually agreed in advance with the CPS — not contested by them in court. Secondly, Cameron's counsel used the plea to make a veiled appeal to Supt Ian "Jack" Russell, the CIB2 officer in charge of Jackpot, on her behalf.

Counsel made much of the apparent refusal of CIB2 to believe her allegations that she had been planted with drugs during the raid. (The CPS actually dropped the possession charges against her arising from the drugs allegedly seized at her house, and her son Marlon was acquitted of a number of similar charges by the jury.)

Whether Cameron really was "clean" when her house was raided is important because it goes to the heart of the questions about the propriety of Operation Cancer.

ACCOUNTANCY

A blow to the Body Shop

FOLLOWING our report in the last *Eye* of the merger of chartered accountants Finnie & Co with Stoy Hayward (one of the Finnie partners, Christopher Benbow, had been defrauding his own firm of fees) none of the writs threatened by the usual pettyfoggers has yet materialised.

One threat did arrive, however, from lawyers acting for the Body Shop International plc, whose relationship with Finnie & Co we had also written about.

Jane Reid, the Body Shop company secretary, alleged in a letter to the *Eye* that she had been misquoted in our article and that the Body Shop and its directors' bills that were paid through a Finnie Visa account were personal and not those of Body Shop. Mrs Reid also claimed that our suggestion that the Body Shop audit by Finnie's was faulty was untrue. In fact:

● It was Mrs Reid herself who told the *Eye* that there was corporate expenditure in the £27,800 that Mr Gordon Roddick, husband of Anita, and Mr Stuart Rose, both Body Shop directors, incurred by way of credit card debts in the US. Mrs Reid also said that this corporate expenditure was not recovered from the Body Shop by Mr Roddick.

It follows, therefore, that the true position of Body Shop outgoings has been understated and was not picked up during audit. But there is more...

● Between September 1987 and April 1989 there were invoices rendered to Body Shop by Finnie's as accountants totalling £86,400. These were not incorporated into the Finnie accounts as fees, but were placed by Benbow in what Finnie & Co described as a memorandum account. This account has been debited for various items, including Barclaycard expenditure of £27,800 for the period ending 25 July 1991. This amount Mrs Reid assures us was personal and paid to Finnie's. How come? Another example of personal expenditure was a payment in September 1991 of some £1,569.05 for school fees.

● There is also additional expenditure on the Finnie ledger for travel arranged by Benbow. This related to an all-expenses paid trip to an island owned by Richard Branson, called Necker. Benbow took a group, including a Body Shop director and his family, to the Caribbean island to celebrate June Benbow's 40th birthday in August last year. This was charged to a company called Melmurida, not associated with the Body Shop.

● On the matter of travel and entertainment, some restaurant bills were described as being as high as £2,000 or more, and there were substantial hotel bills too. These bills were allocated to various clients, including Body Shop.

Some of this may come as a surprise to Mrs Reid and Body Shop. But really it should not, as it is simply the result of an investigation by Finnie's, her own firm of accountants, into malpractice within Finnie's.

ON THE RAILWAYS

Throw in the Towler

IN THE PAST, *Private Eye* may have give the impression that rail privatisation would be closely followed by closure of hundreds of stations and miles of unprofitable rail routes. Now, it seems, British Rail will try to do the dirty work *before* the tattered remains of the network are flogged off.

The department of transport (the Government), the central transport consultative committee (government-appointed, see *Eye* 795) and BR (government-controlled) are quietly devising a mechanism for BR to close stations and even whole lines *overnight* and with the public almost powerless to object.

As the Government has tightened the financial noose, BR has become keen to close some of its quieter (but socially-necessary) stations and lines. But it has been prevented by a statutory closure procedure which gives the public the right to object. The new agreement would allow BR to "suspend" services without warning for the flimsiest of excuses. The statutory closure procedure would begin after six months' suspension — by which time of course passengers would have found alternative transport (ie roads) so their objections would be less vociferous.

The parties involved are also trying to fiddle the rules to exclude from closure inquiries "professional objectors" such as representatives of pressure groups. At the back of their minds, no doubt, is the campaign to save the Settle to Carlisle line in the 1980s. Led by Yorkshire transport users' consultative committee chairman James Towler, the campaign collected protests from 22,150 objectors.

The Government and BR *had* to reprieve the line — but clearly they have not forgotten how it feels to have egg all over the face. Now the only people entitled to object will be little old dears who use the train to go shopping once a week. People with background knowledge — people who argue that the railway is an asset for the future — will be excluded.

All this conceivably paves the way for a second Beeching-style purge leaving just a few flashy express trains for Richard Branson and Co to buy. But passengers at hundreds of towns and villages (143 stations are likely to be axed on "safety grounds" in north-east alone) could yet see their trains saved. The pressure group Railway Development Society is challenging the new closure mechanism — and the group is led in its challenge by none other than James Towler.

The Government kicked Towler off the Yorkshire TUCC soon after the Settle to Carlisle fiasco, but he is still alive and kicking. He points out that the new mechanisms will be totally invalid as they contradict the statutory closure procedure enshrined in the 1962 transport act.

But however correct the challenge, UK legislation can — when the Government so chooses — mean nothing unless someone has the cash to uphold it in the courts, as the Sunday-trading saga has shown. In legal terms, Mr Towler's Railway Development Society is penniless.

WATER PROFITS

Tales of the river bank...

YORKSHIRE Water plc has just announced results for 1991-2 and it has been another great year. Everything went up: prices, dividends, profits, bosses' salaries — even complaints and the number of homes that were cut off for having difficulty in paying the company's charges showed a healthy increase.

As a huge 13 per cent price rise led to pre-tax profits of £124 million, a statement from Yorkshire Water noted: "The recession continued to have little overall effect on the company's performance." Hardly surprising given that the company is a private monopoly supplying a natural resource that is needed to sustain human life.

The recession and the huge price rise did have an effect on customers, though: disconnections rose 44 per cent to 2,300. One person who had no trouble paying his bill was Yorkshire Water chairman Sir Gordon Jones. His salary rose 20 per cent to £143,000 — three times what it was when the industry was privatised three years ago!

Justifying the huge profits, Yorkshire Water chiefs pointed at investments to clean up their act — such as improving the class three river (open sewer) running through Leeds that goes by the name of the Aire. But Sir Gordon and pals are not setting their sights too high. If all goes well they hope the River Aire will scrape into the barely-acceptable class two category by the end of the century. Never let it be said they don't earn their money...

MAXWELL

End of the peer show...

THE DISCOMFORT of Labour peer Lord Donoughue over the revelation that Robert Maxwell effectively paid him £500,000 to join London and Bishopsgate International, the pension fund management company of which he was chairman for a full 10 minutes, is proving highly entertaining.

Donoughue now says that he would never have worked for Maxwell if he had known he was a crook. "With hindsight I regret it," he has told the press. "I don't want to make an excuse for myself, but I am not an experienced City person. I was an academic and a writer." But just how "inexperienced" was he?

Lord Donoughue became a partner in stockbrokers Grieveson Grant in 1983 and served as head of research there from 1984 to 1986. Then, when Grieveson Grant merged with merchant bankers Kleinwort Benson in the Big Bang, he continued to run the research department for the newly-created Kleinwort Grieveson Securities from 1986 to 1987, switching to international research from 1987 to 1988. It was while at Kleinwort Grieveson that Donoughue personally hired Bronwen Maddox as an analyst (she soft-soaped the peer in her recent *Financial Times* series on Maxwell).

Presumably Cap'n Bob felt Donoughue had sufficient City experience and stature to run London and Bishopsgate International. But if we take Donoughue's statement at face value, can we expect him to put "Not an Experienced City Person" at the top of his CV the next time he applies for a lucrative financial consultancy?

Another curious aspect of the Donoughue saga is why, until very recently, the peer has been the subject of so little press comment over the Maxwell connection. Perhaps his short but prominent journalistic career (he was made policy editor of the *Times* under Harry Evans) may have had something to do with his invisibility.

Donoughue has certainly made a number of friends in high editorial circles, including Donald "Busy" Trelford, Simon-the-Tank-Engine Jenkins, the ex-saintly one, Andreas Whittam Strobes, and Richard-the-Obscure Lambert of the *Financial Times*.

Ennobled by Neil Kinnock (on Hattersley's recommendation) in 1985, Donoughue had another patron when he emerged from obscurity in 1974 as Wislon's chief political adviser — Lord Harry Kissin, one of the contributors to Wislon's research fund in the early seventies.

Donoughue, who had worked for the disaster-prone Kissin at his merchant bank, Guinness Mahon, was presented to Wislon by Kissin in time to play a major backstairs role in the February election of 1974. Donoughue was regarded by the Wislon entourage as a payment in kind — Kissin's cash contribution to the research fund was a mere £5,000, compared with £25,000 or more from other rich Wislonites.

● WE ARE indebted to a young reader for throwing fresh light on the National Westminster bank's dishonest dealings with Robert Maxwell.

The bank, it appears, knew all along that the Cap'n was as bent as a nine bob note, yet still it did business with him, incurring millions in bad debts.

The revelation comes in an advert the bank produced to lure young savers into its clutches. Promoting a range of "Westminster Piggies" (piggy banks to you and me), one of whom was called Maxwell, it said: "Maxwell has a lively imagination. Too lively if you ask me. Why someone as bright as he should wish to paint a fellow pupil green is a complete mystery."

More sinisterly, the clairvoyant copywriter continued: "Maxwell will go far. Almost certainly too far."

And so he did. Sadly for Nat West customers, the piggies who run the bank were too keen to stick their snouts in the Maxwell trough to heed this good advice.

In the City

SORELY-tried shareholders in Mirror Group Newspapers will finally get their chance this week to tell their hapless, hopeless, spineless directors exactly what they think of them for standing by while Cap'n Rob and his crew looted the company.

Led by former merchant banker Sir Robert Clark — whose judgement that Maxwell was not, as many of his City peers believed, a crook was wilfully blinded by the fees received by Hill Samuel — the MGN board have been preparing for their confrontation by rehearsing their answers (such as they may have) to the likely many hostile questions.

They are reassured by the support from John Talbot of accountants Arthur Andersen. But then Talbot has his own agenda. He has indicated no rush to sell the 54 percent of MGN held by the private Maxwell companies but pledged to the banks.

The MGN shares are likely to be all there is as far as repaying the private companies' debts, and Talbot knows that with MGN trading well its shares will be worth much more next year than now. A fact which seems to doom the proposed staff buy-out and may mean "no sale" to the other would-be buyers.

The higher the MGN share price, the more will be left for the private companies once the banks, who are not entitled to the value beyond the price (probably nearer 60p-70p) at which they were pledged as security, are repaid. Meanwhile Andersen are on to a very nice little earner.

But while Clark and his fellow Maxwell stooges seem secure in their jobs, they are not entirely home free. The insurers holding the MGN "directors and officers" indemnity insurance has informed the company that it is voiding the policy. The reason — Maxwell did not admit to his crimes when the policy was renewed last year! So when the expected writs from aggrieved shareholders arrive Clark & Co may have nowhere to run other than to their own bank accounts, if they are forced out.

MGN's 60,000 shareholders, whose interests have tended to be obscured amid the widespread concern for the 30,000 pensioners, should therefore seize the time to press the wretched Clark and the other members of the City's most discredited board for more information about events that have cost almost £500 million. Where better to start than with the directors themselves and the cosy, mink-lined prison cells which bought their silence.

Shareholders should ask about the service contracts of the four non-executive directors — Clark, Alan Clements, Lord Williams and Joe Haines. Is it correct that the going rate is £30,000 a year? Why does Williams have a Jaguar Sovereign on the company? The Labour peer was provided with a new four-litre Sovereign, owned by a Maxwell company, when he joined MGN last year. This replaced the one Maxwell had provided him as a director of Pergamon since 1985. (On the subject of cars, shareholders might also ask how many directors' and senior executives' wives are provided with company cars — the answer is at least three.)

Exactly what these four heroes do for their £30,000 is another good question. Williams is renowned for attending board meetings, asking one question and then departing to clock in at the House of Lords. No doubt Labour can feel comfortable with him as a chief spokesman in the Lords, especially along side the £1.5 million Maxwell man, Lord Donoughue.

As for Victoria Cross winner Clements, now elevated to deputy chairman, he failed to attend either of the two pension trustee meetings between the May flotation and Maxwell's death. His excuse — lack of notice for the first, illness for the second. Shareholders should ask Clements, as a former ICI finance director, why he never insisted on the audit committee meeting to review the MGN interim statement as required by the prospectus.

They should also quiz Clark as to why he and Clements never told other directors about Maxwell's depredations when told about them in October or when informed of the plundering of the pension funds the next month. This information was kept from certain directors until December, during which time the MGN shares were relisted on a blatantly false market.

What Clements, Clark, Williams and Haines did do post-Maxwell is meet as the remuneration committee to reward new chief executive Vic Horwood and now ex-chairman Ernie Burrington with substantial pay rises.

Shareholders should ask why they considered Horwood worth an increase in salary from £80,000 to £125,000 when the rest of the board had considered either sacking him or sending him back to Scotland? How is Horwood, who knew what Burrington and sacked finance director Lawrence Guest knew and did just as little, any different from the two fall guys? Horwood was very close to Guest.

Shareholders might therefore like to ask whether Horwood knew that the *Mirror* had no security as a tenant of its headquarters because of the one-sided nature of the lease forced through by Maxwell just before the flotation. What largely saved Horwood was that, unlike his two pals, he did not countersign any MGN cheques to Maxwell accounts.

Shareholders should press for details of the Guest and Burrington pay-off packages. Guest is said to be receiving two years' salary (worth £150,000) plus a car plus, for reasons best known to the profligate MGN board, all his legal expenses! As the man who failed miserably as both finance director and chairman of the pension fund's investment committee, he could and should have been summarily sacked.

The embittered Burrington, who leaves after the shareholders meeting, has yet to receive his pay-off, insurance against him speaking out against his ex-colleagues. He is expected to receive some £150,000 plus car plus chauffeur plus a £250,000 pension. Like Guest he is a beneficiary of the extremely generous pre-Maxwell Reed pension arrangements. All so long as he keeps his mouth shut.

Maxwell hagiographer Haines is similarly blessed with a pension which could well exceed £50,000 a year on top of his non-exec £30,000 and his *Mirror* stipend of a mere £60,000 for two columns a week.

Shareholders should also demand information as to the terms on which MGN company secretary Alan Stephens and pension fund manager Trevor Cook left the company. Stephens knew but did not tell that MGN had borrowed the £50 million from Bankers Trust which was heisted by Maxwell to New York. Cook, it seems, may well have been informed in mid-summer about extensive stock lending.

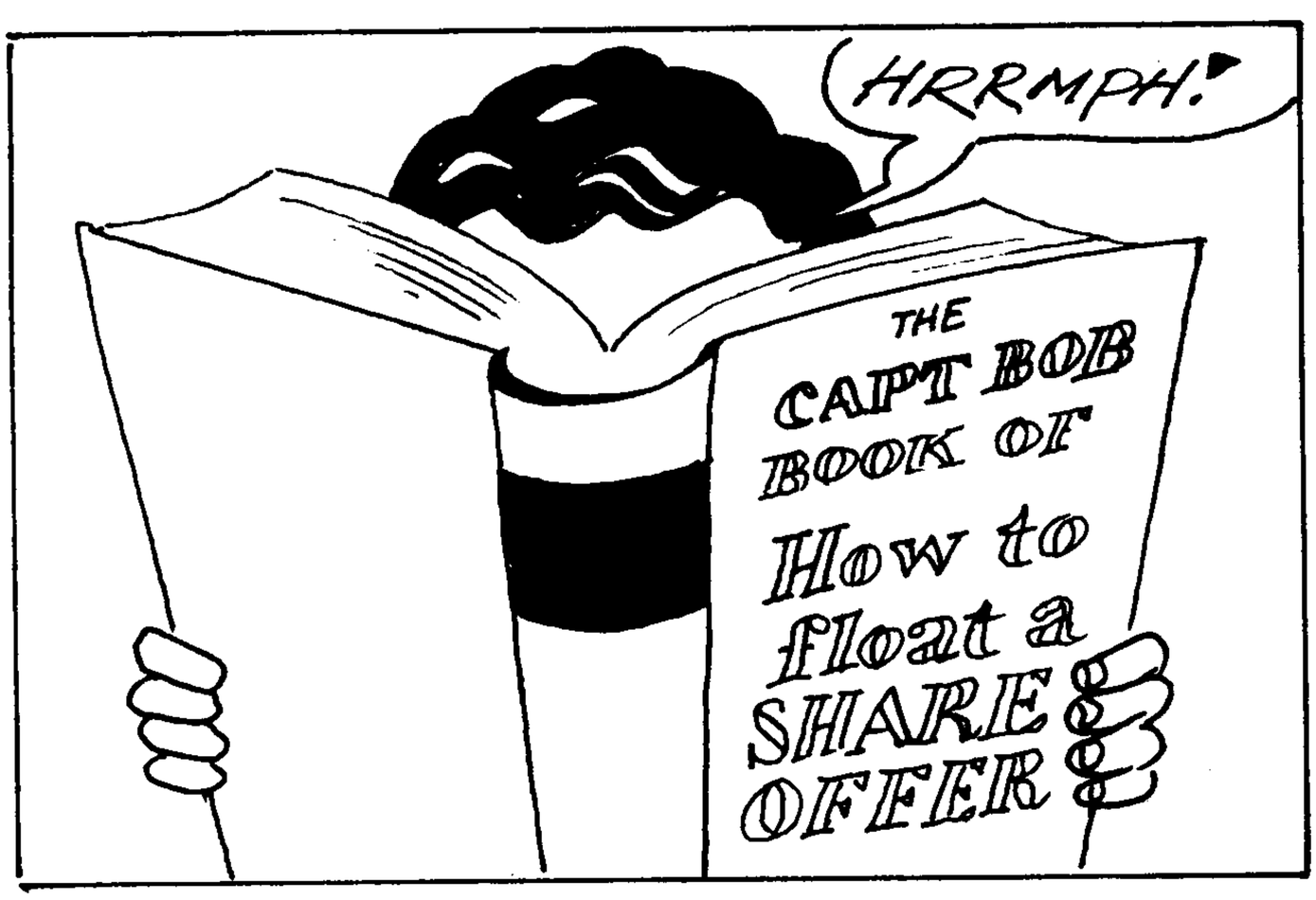
As for Clark and most of the rest, there is only one honourable act these disgraced men can now perform. No respectable City figures are going to join the MGN board to share the guilt and shame of these well-paid Maxwell lapdogs. Like that other great appeaser, Neville Chamberlain, they should be told: In God's name go.

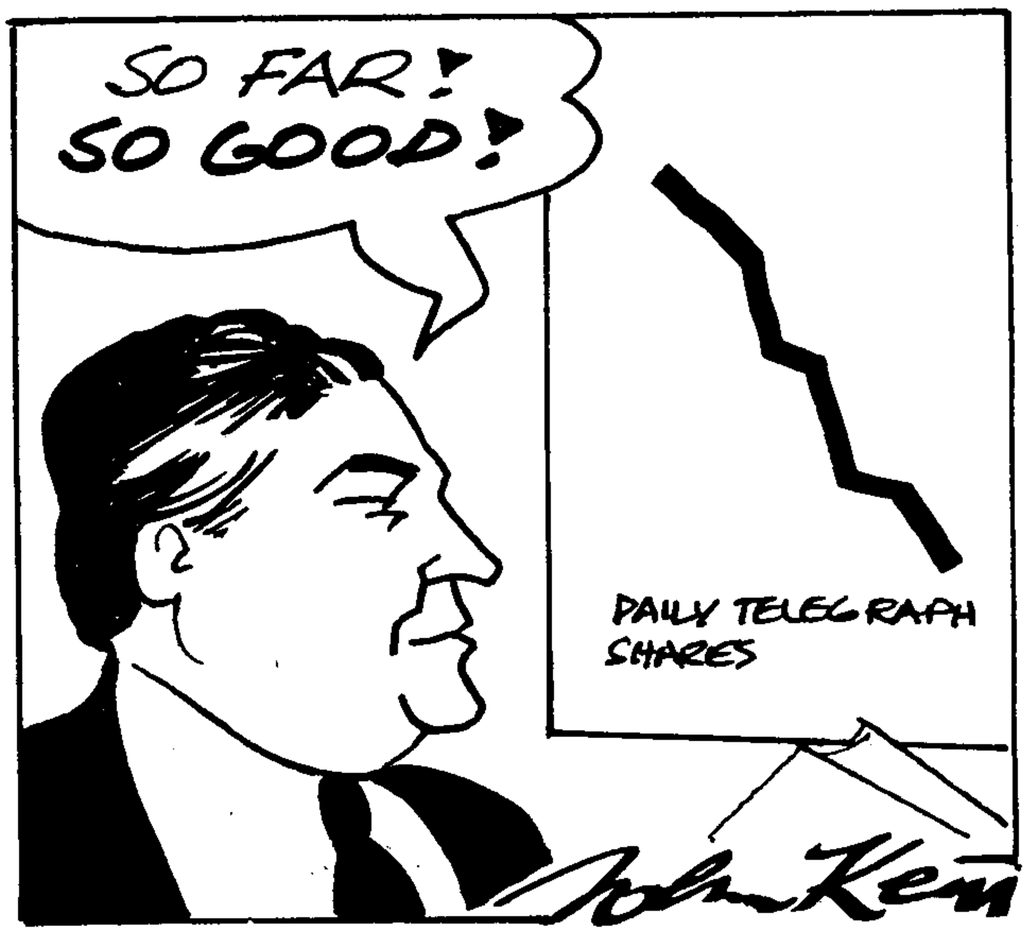
SUNDAY TIMES City editor Jeff Randall is obviously a man who does not forget his friends. The *Independent on Sunday* was somewhat taken aback to receive a letter before writ from solicitors acting for Gerald Ronson's fast fading Heron group accusing them of being part of a conspiracy as a result of an unflattering article (14 June) detailing Ronson's ties to Mountleigh (RIP) and Control Securities (SFO). For Ronson lawyers named their source for the conspiracy theory as none other than Randall, who it seems may have innocently tipped off Petrol Pump to the impending article.

ANOTHER of Randall's friends, the unlovable Philip Green of Amber Day, seems to have had more than just a social relationship with Scotland Yard favourite and Amber Day shareholder Tony Schneider. It seems Schneider brags of lending money to Green. No doubt at his usual friendly rates which can be close to 50 percent. (The police opposed Schneider's initial application for two money lenders licences because of his reputation and criminal connections.) Perhaps any would-be Amber Day chairman might like to ask Green if he ever did business with loan shark Schneider and, if so, why? Amber Day shares meanwhile are back to 41p after the much leaked In-Shops bid failed to materialise. What a surprise.

'Slicker'

Blackadder





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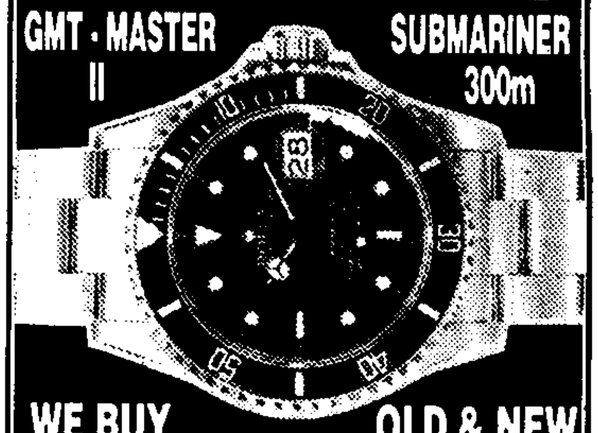

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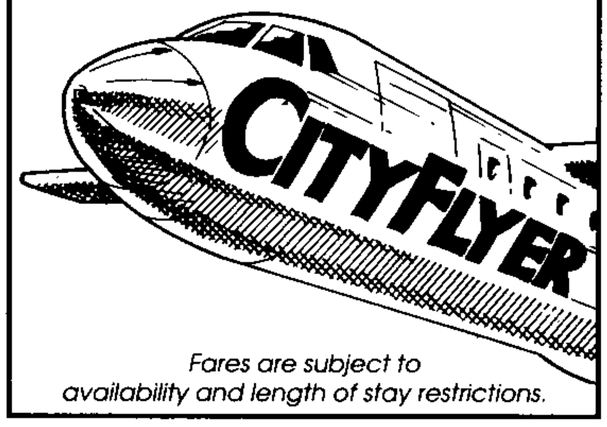

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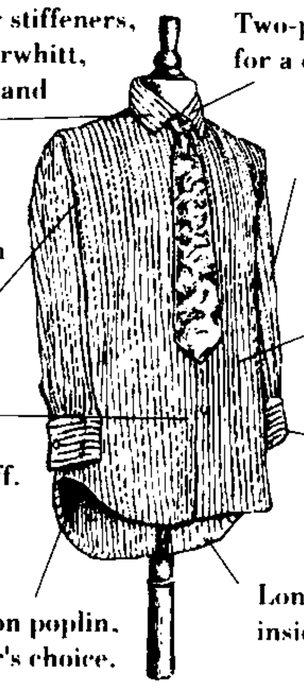

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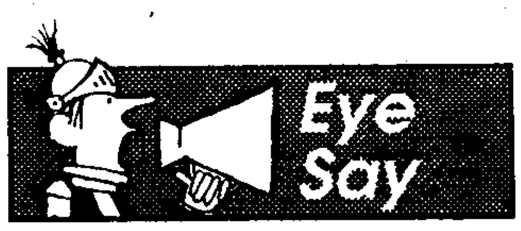

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EUROPE: SHOULD working here end an Englishman's social life? Educated male professional (27), 6'2", seeks independent, intelligent, honest female equal, to share the good things in life. Photo please. Box 2598.

MATURE MASCULINE male — magic massage, with music! Seeks sultry sensuous sensible lady — fortyish? Box 2798.

NORTH ESSEX MALE 43 tall into reading music and good conversation likes children and animals seeks intelligent caring female. Please write to Box 2898.

ATTRACTIVE intelligent independent female executive, early 40s, enjoys wining, dining, travel seeks similar male 40-50. Photo, tel. North West. Box 2998.

EXISTENTIALIST MALE graduate (24), tall, intelligent, caring, passionate, seeks pretty, literate, eco-friendly woman (18-28) for letters, weekends together, love. Photo please. Box 3098.

FAILED HEDONIST SEEKS second chance. I want to spend summer weekends driving along coastal roads, soulmate by my side, "Cool for Cats" on the radio, romantic evenings ahead. In fact, I'm building a compost heap! Female partner sought by discontented but dependable male, 38, 5'6", well educated, but "cultural challenged" professional. Oxon. Box 3198.

SOMEWHAT BEAT-UP 39 year old bear still looking for an elegant n/s lady who is into sharing romantic times, candle-lit nights et al; perhaps for ever. Time presently split between N. Wales and Lincolnshire. Box 3298.

FEMALE TWINS/ partners sought by male twins, 41, unattached, sincere and caring, for laughs and much more. Midlands/Oxfordshire/anywhere. Please write with photos. Box 3398.

DIVORCEE, SURREY. Are you lonely? I am. Girl at heart 40s wants friendship/fun. Box 2698.

NE PROFESSIONAL gentleman, 40, frequent London visitor, seeks slim intelligent amusing London lady, to share concerts, theatre, galleries, bookshops and conversation. Box 4398.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 28, new to the West Country, likes the great outdoors, Indian food and malt whisky. Bad habits include taking life too seriously, seeks female, 20-30, with irresponsible streak to show the lighter side of life. Ideally slim, n/s, intelligent, wonderful etc. etc. but who's perfect? Box 4498.

PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN, 36, needs sensuous lady for love in the afternoons. London/Surrey area. Photo please. Box 4598.

SEXY MALE seeks adventurous female for uninhibited adult fun! Frank letter please. Box 4698.

CLEVER, PRETTY woman seeks unattached man, smokeless, 50+, Londonish. Box 4798.

LOVE IN THE afternoon. Slim attractive male, 40, own business, married but bored seeks lunch date with lady possessing both sense of humour and adventure. Total discretion assured — you choose the restaurant. If you send a photograph I promise to return it. London/Home Counties. Box 4898.

ARTY PROFESSIONAL, 52, divorced, almost solvent, seeks skinny mad lady to re-live 1968. Notts. Box 4998.

MALE, 25, enjoys classical music, good wine and vegetarian food, seeks compatible female. Box 5098.

NORTH CAMBS. Fiftyish professional male, physical and mentally normal but not dull, energetic outdoor interests but equally domestic and considerate, looking for mostly normal professional woman with whom to share interests, holidays, etc. Box 5198.

TALL, SLIM, slightly shy male, 20, seeks attractive n/s female 18+. Photo. Cheshire/Lancashire area. Box 5298.

HIGHLY MUSICAL, adventurous girlfriend, long hair, long legs, keen sense of culture and humour, sought by successful City dealer, 35, tall, dark, civilised, intelligent, married, but badly missing compatibility. London. Box 5398.

YOUNG 45-YEAR-OLD company chairman, recently divorced, quite goodlooking, wealthy, with usual Mercedes and Ferrari, bored with current circle of ladies, looking for special lovely lady as friend and lover, aged 21 to 45. Box 5498.

NORTH SEA DIVER, rides bicycle, dress sense of Mongolian rat-catcher, total bastard. Sod the mermaids, how about a shag? Box 5598.

YOUNG 41, Jewish professional male, slim, fit, humorous, energetic — activities include rambling, trekking overseas, wining, dining, cinema, theatre and literature. Seeks similar lady for close encounter of friendly/intimate kind. At 41, I am not an old rusty banger, but a classic highly prized sports car with indefinite MOT. Box 5698.

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MAN, 44, SINGLE, eclectic, maybe eccentric, sense humour, sometimes shy, sometimes extrovert, seeks interesting intelligent woman who couldn't possibly describe herself in 24 words. London. Box 5998.

FEMALE, 22, desperately seeking affectionate handsome man. Box 6098.

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DIDSBURY, MANCHESTER: Male, 36, many interests, seeks slim attractive woman. Box 4098.

KIND, ATTRACTIVE, intelligent psychology graduate, 24, seeks attractive, bright woman. Photo please. Box 4198.

MARRIED MAN, 28, seeks lady, 25-45 for occasional passionate liaisons, London/Surrey. Discreet. Send photo. Box 4298.

VERY AFFECTIONATE caring male student (25) seeks female (18-32) for friendship, romance, holding hands. I'm 5'11", 11 stone, fairly shy and quiet, enjoy badminton, countryside, classical music. Box 8998.

BLONDE BEAUTIFUL 28 seeks Edinburgh gynaecologist for whatever comes naturally. Box 3598.

WANTED FOR no particular reason, tallish male 35-45 with decent table manners and clean fingernails. Members of A.A. or Weigh Watchers need not apply. Box 3698.

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JOURNALIST, 31, tall, good looking, reasonably cultured and almost humorous seeks intelligent attractive career woman for possible relationship. London. Photo appreciated. Box 6298.

MALE, 34, seeks interesting unconventional woman for relationship, South Wales/Bristol. Box 6398.

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WIDOWER, EARLY 60s, active, caring, seeks younger lady for outings/close relationship/possibly marriage. East Midlands/Anglia/Lincs/Humberside. Box 6598.

PERSONABLE, EDUCATED widower, 43, tall, dark, outgoing businessman wants to live again. Attractive, tall, cultured female could help starting interests of music, arts, dining. Would provide opportunities. Interested? Phone/photo appreciated. Berkshire area. Box 6698.

AGING TOY BOY (37) seeks humorous lady to pamper, serve and entertain. Thames Valley. Box 6798.

VACANCY EXISTS for an unattached, 30 or 40-something man (own hair and teeth) seeking wine, woman and song, but especially the woman. Box 6898.

MAGICAL MALE artist (24) desires beguiling enchantress with creative soul for true romance and legendary passion. Photo appreciated. Box 6998.

UNATTACHED MALE Hampshire-based seeks intelligent (what other type reads the Eye?) 25-30ish female friends for occasional meets and spirited correspondence. Box 7098.

MALE SINGLE 36 good looking fit health and intelligent. Likes the outdoor life. I need a good stable woman for sincere and lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. (Bath, M4). Box 7198.

CHAP LOST LICENCE, needs Boadicea. Attractive unattached 40ish. Agreeable rural habitat. (Midlands). Photo appreciated. Box 7298.

LONELY 30, 5'5" n/s honest caring seeks sincere lady. Box 7398.

MIDLANDS MALE, 30, seeks beautiful lively lady 25-40 for days out, nights in. I'm tall single successful. ALA. Box 7498.

JULIA ROBERTS type but smaller, poorer and older (26) seeks a witty intelligent solvent single tallish handsomeish dark haired dark (almond?) eyed Keanu Reeves type. Box 7598.

QUESTIONING OF traditions. Male 29 n/s smallish fit, eclectic interests. Large appetite for mental stimulation. Searching for woman of enthusiasms to give and receive. L/SE/Mids. Box 7698.

SHEFFIELD WOMAN, optimistic and pragmatic nature, cultural, literary and outdoor interests, seeks attractive, tallish, brainy, funny, angst-free hero 40-50. Box 7798.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE South Devon guy seeks nice but naughty gal, anywhere (25-35). Box 7898.

RELAXED ENTREPRENEURIAL male, 35, escaped from the City, seeking natural flowing beauty to share life and fun in rural haven. South Devon. Box 7998.

SINGLE MALE, 34, usual vices, seeks sexy lady to share fun and future. Channel Islands. Box 8098.

TWO CONSERVATIVE young men (35) seek two attractive sensible young ladies for depraved crazed orgies. Photos please. Box 5798.

ARE YOU an extremely attractive lady with an excellent figure, under 35? Then a goodlooking affluent successful businessman would like to entertain and spoil you in a fun one-to-one relationship. Photo and phone number ensures response. Box 2297.

NORTHUMBERLAND: surgeon, 40, affluent, handsome, fit, sporty, married, bored — seeks exciting, attractive female for fun etc. Box 2697.

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"I'M TOO SEXY for my shellsuit". Male, 27, 5'9, balding, specs, likes swimming, travel and cinema seeks warm sensual sporting lass for romance and fun, late 20s, London based. Box 4696.

ATTRACTIVE married man (42) seeks warm "earthy" lady for discreet affair. London, S/West England. Telephone, photo ensures reply. Box 1998.

I WILL TREAT YOU as a woman, open doors, bring flowers and generally spoil you. Active presentable male, 66, married, seeks affectionate female 25-50 to share daytime meetings 30 minutes Heathrow. Box 2098.

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EYE DES-EYE-R: Caring, intelligent, n/s man, 6'+ for lasting, committed relationship with tall, slim, affectionate lady 40s. Box 2298.

WRITER SEEKS MENTOR with breasts. Box 3498.

FIT AND STRONG, 5'10" and craggy, courteous and hetero, discreet and fun: 40s writer seeks calm, keen physical lady similarly South West, solvent, n/s and searching too. Photo, phone number exchanged. Box 9098.

MALE, 40, tall, presentable, divorced director seeks lovely lady for long term monogamous physical relationship. Northeast. Box 9198.

TALL, SLIM, sociable London F, 44, seeks 40s-50s M with hair, height and humour, unattached, for sincere relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 9298.

AM I PAST my sell-by date? I'm single, 42, male, articulate, professional, humorous, Midlands. Will a similar female take me off the shelf and find out? Box 9398.

DIRTY INTELLIGENT blonde wanted in Manchester, September for dirty dancing with rich fella 32. Photo! Box 9498.

AVERAGE SIZE professional male, married, 50s, seeks fat n/s lover. Weekdays. London/SE. Box 9598.

ATTRACTIVE SOPHISTICATED male, 38, affluent and sensual — weakness for nice legs! — seeks attractive adventurous female. Total discretion assured. Photo/phone please. S/West. Box 9698.

BIG BLACK FIJIAN mamba, good looking, smart, intelligent, seeks busy fun blonde for afternoon romps. Own business. Complete discretion. 35+. Own photo. Leeds or Northern area. Box 9798.

EXCEPTIONALLY HANDSOME tall upmarket kind educated Canadian banker safely married 44 seeks discreet relationship with safely married attractive bright woman, London. Box 9898.

PETERBOROUGH: BLONDE, 25, 5ft7in, considered attractive, witty, varied interests include cats, swimming, the supernatural, collecting minerals, music (especially Def Leppard and Mozart!) seeks intelligent humorous professional man for friendship and social outings. Box 9998.

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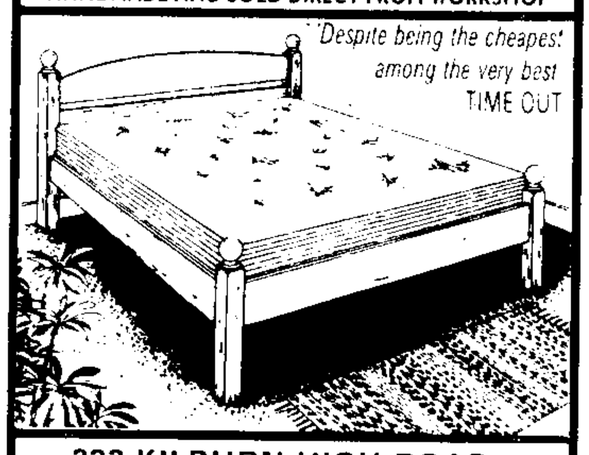

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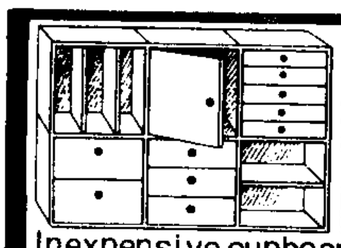

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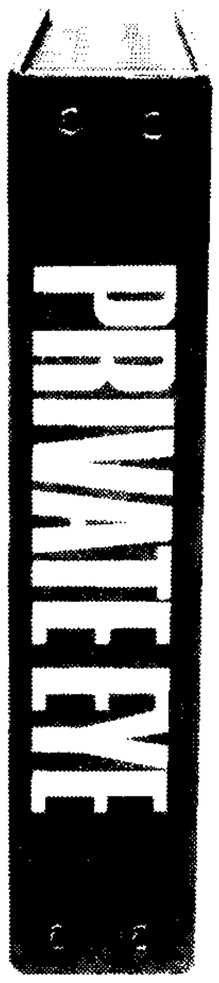

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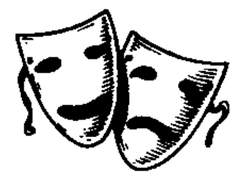

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